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POET-LORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.

To literature, literary criticism, and study this magazine is devoted. To bring Life and Letters into closer touch with each other is its aim, and, accordingly, it considers literature as an exponent of human evolution rather than as a finished product.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

RUSKIN'S original opinions on a variety of subjects of *real* literary and social interest will appear in the January number in full extracts from valuable letters of his, together with a review of the rare little book that contains them, of which only some half-dozen copies have been privately printed. But one of these letters — namely, the one on "Iron" or "Wages" — had been before published; that one appeared in POET-LORE for June-July, 1891. Those who enjoyed that letter, and the one on "Gold" in the March POET-LORE, will be glad to know that these were foretastes of a fuller Ruskinian feast to be provided by WILLIAM G. KINGSLAND. In January will appear also the first instalment of an entirely new narrative of Shakespeare's theatrical career. It will embody the latest results of special investigations, but it will be cast in a fictitious form and will be more readable than anything on the subject at present before the public. It is entitled as follows:

GENTLE WILL, OUR FELLOW. Writ in 1626, A.D., by John Heminge, Servant of his Gracious Majesty King Charles I. Edited in 1892, A.D., as "all though feigned, is true," by F. G. FLEAY, Servant of all Shakespearian Students in America, England, Germany, or elsewhere.

A WIDE variety of critical literary papers, fiction of a distinctly literary flavor and of an uncommon sort; and plans for the study of Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, and other poets, upon the undogmatic and comparative line of work instituted by POET-LORE, will also appear among the contents for the new year.

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Vol. CXCIV. }

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"THE THINGS THAT ARE MORE
EXCELLENT."

As we wax older on this earth,
Till many a toy that charmed us seems
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,
And mean as dust and vain as dreams —
For gauds that perished, shows that passed,
Some recompense the Fates have sent :
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,
The things that are more excellent.

Tired of the Senate's barren brawl,
An hour with silence we prefer,
Where statelier rise the woods than all
Yon towers of talk at Westminster.
Let this man prate and that man plot,
On fame or place or title bent :
The votes of veering crowds are not
The things that are more excellent.

Shall we perturb and vex our soul
For "wrongs" which no true freedom
mar,

Which no man's upright walk control,
And from no guiltless deed debar ?
What odds, though tonguesters heal, or
leave

Unhealed, the grievance they invent ?
To things, not phantoms, let us cleave —
The things that are more excellent.

Nought nobler is than to be free :
The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey the laws.
From servitude to freedom's name
Free thou thy mind in bondage pent ;
Depose the fetish, and proclaim
The things that are more excellent.

And in appropriate dust be hurled
That dull, punctilious god whom they
That call their tiny clan the World
Serve and obsequiously obey :
Who con their ritual of Routine,
With minds to one dead likeness blent,
And never ev'n in dreams have seen
The things that are more excellent.

To dress, to call, to dine, to break
No canon of the social code,
The little laws that lacqueys make,
The futile decalogue of Mode, —
How many a soul for these things lives,
With pious passion, grave intent !
While Nature careless-handed gives
The things that are more excellent.

To hug the wealth ye cannot use,
And lack the riches all may gain ;
O blind, and wanting wit to choose,
Who house the chaff and burn the grain !

And still doth life with starry towers
Lure to the bright, divine ascent ! —
Be yours the things ye would, be ours
The things that are more excellent.

The grace of friendship — mind and heart
Linked with their fellow heart and mind ;
The gains of science, gifts of art ;
The sense of oneness with our kind :
The thirst to know and understand —
A large and liberal discontent :
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent.

In faultless rhythm the ocean rolls,
A rapturous silence thrills the skies ;
And on this earth are lovely souls,
That softly look with aidful eyes.
Though dark, O God, thy course and track,
I think thou must at least have meant
That nought which lives should wholly
lack

The things that are more excellent.

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

A DYING NORSEMAN.

A.D. 1037.

WHAT can these new gods give me ?
I have Odin and Thor,
Odin, the wise all father ;
Great Thor, the mighty in war.
There are gods enough in Valhalla,
And to me they ever gave ear,
Speak no more of your white Christ,
We want no strange gods here.
This new god, he cannot give me
Once more the arm of the strong,
Strong arm that hath failed me never,
Though the fight were stubborn and long.
Can he give me again the glory of youth ?
Go down with me to the sea,
And harry the shore of Britain ;
Ah ! never more shall I see
The white sails spreading their wings,
Each spring, as we left our home,
And day by day drew southward,
I can almost feel the foam.

But now all is past and over,
I know that naught can avail.
The gods in Valhalla have spoken.
I go ; and your white Christ pale
He cannot bring back for one instant
The glorious days that are past.
Then why should I turn from Odin and
Thor,

And be false as a woman at last ?

Academy.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

From The Fortnightly Review.
RAPHAEL.¹

By his immense productiveness, by the even perfection of what he produced, its fitness to its own day, its hold on posterity, in the suavity of his life, some would add in the "opportunity" of his early death, Raphael may seem a signal instance of the luckiness, of the good fortune, of genius. Yet if we follow the actual growth of his powers, within their proper framework, the age of the Renaissance, — an age of which, we may say, summarily, that it enjoyed itself, and found perhaps its chief enjoyment in the attitude of the scholar, in the enthusiastic acquisition of knowledge for its own sake, — if we thus view Raphael and his works in their environment we shall find even his seemingly mechanical good fortune hardly distinguishable from his own patient disposal of the means at hand. Facile master as he may seem, as indeed he is, he is also one of the world's typical scholars, with Plato, and Cicero, and Virgil, and Milton. The *formula* of his genius, if we must have one, is *this*: genius by accumulation; the transformation of meek scholarship into genius — triumphant power of genius.

Urbino, where this prince of the Renaissance was born in 1483, year also of the birth of Luther, leader of the other great movement of that age, the Reformation — Urbino, under its dukes of the house of Montefeltro, had herewithal just then to make a boy of native artistic faculty from the first a willing learner. The gloomy old fortress of the feudal masters of the town had been replaced, in those later years of the Quattro-cento, by a consummate monument of Quattro-cento taste, a museum of ancient and modern art, the owners of which lived there, gallantly at home, amid the choicer flowers of living humanity. The ducal palace was, in fact, become nothing less than a school of ambitious youth in all the accomplishments alike of war and peace. Raphael's connection with it seems to have become intimate, and

from the first its influence must have overflowed so small a place. In the case of the lucky Raphael, for once, the actual conditions of early life had been suitable, propitious, accordant to what one's imagination would have required for the childhood of the man. He was born amid the art he was, not to transform, but to perfect, by a thousand reverential retouchings. In no palace, however, but in a modest abode, still shown, containing the workshop of his father, Giovanni Santi. But here, too, though in frugal form, art, the arts, were present. A store of artistic objects was, or had recently been, made there, and now especially, for fitting patrons, religious pictures in the old Umbrian manner. In quiet nooks of the Apennines Giovanni's works remain; and there is one of them, worth study, in spite of what critics say of its crudity, in the National Gallery. Concede its immaturity, at least, though an immaturity visibly susceptible of a delicate grace, it wins you nevertheless to return again and again, and ponder, by a sincere expression of sorrow, profound, yet resigned, be the cause what it may, among all the many causes of sorrow inherent in the ideal of maternity, human or divine. But if you keep in mind when looking at it the facts of Raphael's childhood, you will recognize in his father's picture, not the anticipated sorrow of the "Mater Dolorosa" over the dead son, but the grief of a simple household over the mother herself taken early from it. That may have been the first picture the eyes of the world's great painter of Madonnas rested on; and if he stood diligently before it to copy, and so copying, quite unconsciously, and with no disloyalty to his original, refined, improved, substituted — substituted himself, in fact, his finer self, he had already struck the persistent note of his career. As with his age, it is his vocation, ardent worker as he is, to enjoy himself — to enjoy himself amiably, and to find his chief enjoyment in the attitude of a scholar. And one by one, one after another, his masters, the very greatest of them, go to school to him.

¹ A lecture delivered to the University Extension Students: Oxford, August 2nd, 1892.

It was so especially with the artist of whom Raphael first became certainly a learner — Perugino. Giovanni Santi had died in Raphael's childhood, too early to have been in any direct sense his teacher. The lad, however, from one and another, had learned much, when, with his share of the patrimony in hand, enough to keep him, but not tempt him from scholarly ways, he came to Perugia, hoping still further to improve himself. He was in his eighteenth year, and how he looked just then you may see in a drawing of his own in the University galleries, of somewhat stronger mould than less genuine likenesses might lead you to expect. There is something of a fighter in the way in which the nose springs from the brow between the wide-set, meditative eyes. A strenuous lad! capable of plodding, if you dare apply that word to labor so impassioned as his — to any labor whatever done at Perugia, centre of the dreamiest Apennine scenery. Its various elements (one hardly knows whether one is thinking of Italian nature or of Raphael's art in recounting them), the richly planted lowlands, the sensitive mountain lines in flight one beyond the other into clear distance, the cool yet glowing atmosphere, the romantic morsels of architecture, which lends to the entire scene I know not what expression of reposeful antiquity, arrange themselves here as for set purpose of pictorial effect, and have gone with little change into his painted backgrounds. In the midst of it, on titanic old Roman and Etruscan foundations, the later Gothic town had piled itself along the lines of a gigantic land of rock, stretched out from the last slope of the Apennines into the plain. Between its fingers steep, dark lanes wind down into the olive-gardens; on the finger-tips military and monastic builders had perched their towns. A place as fantastic in its attractiveness as the human life which then surged up and down in it in contrast to the peaceful scene around. The Baglioni who ruled there had brought certain tendencies of that age to a typical completeness of expression, veiling crime — crime, it

might seem, for its own sake, a whole octave of fantastic crime — not merely under brilliant fashions and comely persons, but under fashions and persons, an outward presentment of life and of themselves, which had a kind of immaculate grace and discretion about them, as if Raphael himself had already brought his unerring gift of selection to bear upon it all for motives of art. With life in those streets of Perugia, as with nature, with the work of his masters, the mere exercises of his fellow-students, his hand rearranges, refines, renews, as if by simple contact; but was met here half-way in its renewing office by some special aptitude for such grace in the subject itself. Seemingly innocent, full of natural gaiety, eternally youthful, those seven and more deadly sins, embodied and attired in just the jaunty dress then worn, enter now and afterwards as spectators, or assistants, into many a sacred foreground and background among the friends and kinsmen of the Holy Family, among the very angels, gazing, conversing, standing firmly and unashamed. During his apprenticeship at Perugia Raphael visited and left his work in more modest places round about, along those seductive mountain or lowland roads, and copied for one of them Perugino's "Marriage of the Virgin" significantly, did it by many degrees better, with a very novel effect of motion everywhere, and that grace which natural motion evokes, and for a temple in the background a lovely bit of his friend Bramante's sort of architecture, the true Renaissance or perfected Quattro-cento architecture. He goes on building a whole lordly new city of the like as he paints to the end of his life. That subject, we may note, as we leave Perugia in Raphael's company, had been suggested by the famous mystic treasure of its cathedral church, the marriage ring of the Blessed Virgin herself.

Raphael's copy had been made for the little old Apennine town of Citta di Castello; and another place he visits at this time is still more effective in the development of his genius. About his

twentieth year he comes to Siena—that other rocky Titan's hand, just lifted out of the surface of the plain. It is the most grandiose place he has yet seen; has not forgotten that it was once the rival of Florence; and here the patient scholar passes under an influence of somewhat larger scope than Perugino's. Perugino's pictures are for the most part religious contemplations, painted and made visible, to accompany the action of divine service—a visible pattern to priests, attendants, worshippers, of what the course of their invisible thoughts should be at those holy functions. Learning in the workshop of Perugino to produce the like—such works as the *Ansidei Madonna*—to produce them very much better than his master, Raphael was already become a freeman of the most strictly religious school of Italian art, the so devout Umbrian soul finding there its purest expression, still untroubled by the naturalism, the intellectualism, the antique paganism, then astir in the artistic soul everywhere else in Italy. The lovely work of Perugino, very lovely, at its best, of the early Raphael also, is in fact “conservative,” and at various points slightly behind its day, though not unpleasantly. In Perugino's allegoric frescoes of the “*Cambio*,” the Hall of the Money-changers, for instance, under the mystic rule of the Planets in person, pagan personages take their places indeed side by side with the figures of the New Testament, but are no Romans or Greeks, nor the Jews, nor is any one of them, warrior, sage, king, precisely of Perugino's own time and place, but still contemplations only, after the manner of the personages in his church-work; or, say, dreams—monastic dreams—thin, do-nothing creatures, conjured from sky and cloud. Perugino clearly never broke through the meditative circle of the Middle Age.

Now Raphael, on the other hand, in his final period at Rome, exhibits a wonderful narrative power in painting; and the secret of that power—the power of developing a story in a picture, or series of pictures—may be

traced back from him to Pinturicchio, as that painter worked on those vast, well-lighted walls of the cathedral library at Siena, at the great series of frescoes illustrative of the life of Pope Pius the Second. It had been a brilliant personal history, in contact now and again with certain remarkable public events—a career religious yet mundane, you scarcely know which, so natural is the blending of lights, of interest in it. How unlike that Peruginian conception of life in its almost perverse other-worldliness, which Raphael now leaves behind him, but, like a true scholar, will not forget. Pinturicchio then had invited his remarkable young friend hither, “to assist him by his counsels,” who, however, pupil-wise, after his habit also learns much as he thus assists. He stands depicted there in person in the scene of the canonization of Saint Catherine; and though his actual share in the work is not to be defined, connoisseurs have felt his intellectual presence, not at one place only, in touches at once finer and more forcible than were usual in the steady-going, somewhat Teutonic, Pinturicchio, Raphael's elder by thirty years. The meek scholar you see again, with his tentative sketches and suggestions, had more than learned his lesson; through all its changes that flexible intelligence loses nothing; does but add continually to its store. Henceforward Raphael will be able to tell a story in a picture, better, with a truer economy, with surer judgment, more naturally and easily than any one else.

And here at Siena, of all Italian towns perhaps most deeply impressed with mediæval character—an impress it still retains—grotesque, parti-colored—parti-colored, so to speak, in its genius—Satanic, yet devout of humor, as depicted in its old chronicles, and beautiful withal, dignified. It is here that Raphael becomes for the first time aware of that old pagan world, which had already come to be so much for the art schools of Italy. There were points, as we saw, at which the school of Perugia was behind its day. Amid those intensely Gothic surroundings in the cathe-

dral library where Pinturicchio worked, stood, as it remained till recently, unashamed there, a marble group of the three Graces—an average Roman work, in effect—the sort of thing we are used to. That, perhaps, is the only reason why for our part, except with an effort, we find it conventional or even tame. For the youthful Raphael, on the other hand, at that moment, antiquity, as with “the dew of herbs,” seemed therein “to wake and sing” out of the dust in all its sincerity, its cheerfulness and natural charm. He turned it into a picture; has helped to make his original only too familiar, perhaps, placing the three sisters against his own favorite, so unclassic, Umbrian background indeed, but with no trace of the Peruginesque ascetic, Gothic meagreness in themselves; emphasizing rather, with a hearty acceptance, the nude, the flesh; made the limbs, in fact, a little heavy. It was but one gleam he had caught just there in mediæval Siena of that large pagan world he was, not so long afterwards, more completely than others to make his own. And when somewhat later he painted the exquisite, still Peruginesque, Apollo and Marsyas, semi-mediæval habits again asserted themselves with delightfully blent effects. It might almost pass for a parable—that little picture in the Louvre—of the contention between classic art and the romantic, superseded in the person of Marsyas, a homely, quaintly poetical young monk, surely! Only, Apollo himself also is clearly of the same brotherhood; has a touch, in truth, of Heine’s fancied Apollo “in exile,” who, Christianity now triumphing, has served as a hired shepherd, or hidden himself under the cowl in a cloister; and Raphael, as if at work on choir-book or missal, still applies symbolical gilding for natural sunlight. It is as if he wished to proclaim amid newer lights—this scholar who never forgot a lesson—his loyal pupilage to Perugino, and retain still something of mediæval stiffness, of the monastic thoughts also, that were born and lingered in places like Borgo San Sepolero or Citta di Castello. *Chef-d’œuvre!* you

might exclaim, of the peculiar, tremulous, half-convinced, monkish treatment of that, after all, damnable pagan world. And our own generation certainly, with kindred tastes, loving or wishing to love pagan art as sincerely as did the people of the Renaissance, and mediæval art as well, would accept, of course, of work conceived in that so seductively mixed manner, ten per cent. of even Raphael’s later, purely classical presentments.

That picture was suggested by a fine old intaglio in the Medicean collection at Florence, painted therefore after Raphael’s coming thither, and therefore also a survival with him of a style limited, immature, literally provincial; for in the phase on which he had now entered he is under the influence of style in its most fully determined sense, of what might be called the thorough-bass of the pictorial art, of a fully realized intellectual system in regard to its processes, well tested by experiment, upon a survey of all the conditions and various applications of it—of style as understood by Da Vinci, then at work in Florence. Raphael’s sojourn there extends from his twenty-first to his twenty-fifth year. He came with flattering recommendations from the court of Urbino; was admitted as an equal by the masters of his craft, being already in demand for work, then and ever since duly prized; was, in fact, already famous, though he alone is unaware—is in his own opinion still but a learner, and as a learner yields himself meekly, systematically to influence; would learn from Francia, whom he visits at Bologna; from the earlier naturalistic works of Masolino and Masaccio; from the solemn, prophetic work of the venerable Dominican, Bartolommeo, disciple of Savonarola. And he has already habitually this strange effect, not only on the whole body of his juniors, but on those whose manner had been long since formed; they lose something of themselves by contact with them, as if they went to school again.

Bartolommeo, Da Vinci, were masters certainly of what we call “the ideal” in art. Yet for Raphael, so

loyal hitherto to the traditions of Umbrian art, to its heavy weight of hieratic tradition, dealing still somewhat conventionally with a limited, non-natural matter—for Raphael to come from Siena, Perugia, Urbino, to sharp-witted, practical, masterful Florence was in immediate effect a transition from reverie to realities—to a world of facts. Those masters of the ideal were for him in the first instance, masters also of realism, as we say. Henceforth, to the end, he will be the analyst, the faithful reporter, in his work, of what he *sees*. He will realize the function of style as exemplified in the practice of Da Vinci, face to face with the world of nature and man as they are; selecting from, asserting one's self in a transcript of its veritable *data*; like drawing to like there, in obedience to the master's preference for the embodiment of the creative form within him. Portrait-art had been nowhere in the school of Perugino, but was the triumph of the school of Florence. And here a faithful analyst of what he sees, yet lifting it withal, unconsciously, inevitably, recomposing, glorifying, Raphael, too, becomes, of course, a painter of portraits. We may foresee them already in masterly series, from Maddalena Doni, a kind of younger, more virginal sister of La Gioconda, to cardinals and popes—to that most sensitive of all portraits, the "Violin-player," if it be really his. But then, on the other hand, the influence of such portraiture will be felt also in his inventive work, in a certain reality there, a certain convincing loyalty to experience and observation. In his most elevated religious work he will still keep, for security at least, close to nature, and the truth of nature. His modelling of the visible surface is lovely because he understands, can see the hidden causes of momentary action in the face, the hands—how men and animals are really made and kept alive. Set side by side, then, with that portrait of Maddalena Doni, as forming together a measure of what he has learned at Florence, the "Madonna del Gran Duca," which still remains there. Call it on revision, and without hesita-

tion, the loveliest of his Madonnas, perhaps of all Madonnas; and let it stand as representative of as many as fifty or sixty types of that subject, onwards to the Sixtine Madonna, in all the triumphancy of his later days at Rome. Observe the veritable atmosphere about it, the grand composition of the drapery, the magic relief, the sweetness and dignity of the human hands and faces, the noble tenderness of Mary's gesture, the unity of the thing with itself, the faultless exclusion of all that does not belong to its main purpose; it is like a single, simple axiomatic thought. Note withal the novelty of its effect on the mind, and you will see that this master of style (that is a consummate example of what is meant by *style*) has been still a willing scholar in the hands of Da Vinci. But, then, with what ease, also, and simplicity, and a sort of natural success not his!

It was in his twenty-fifth year that Raphael came to the city of the popes, Michelangelo being already in high favor there. For the remaining years of his life he paces the same streets with that grim artist, who was so great a contrast with himself, and for the first time his attitude towards a gift different from his own is not that of a scholar, but that of a rival. If he did not become the scholar of Michelangelo it would be difficult, on the other hand, to trace anywhere in Michelangelo's work the counter influence usual with those who had influenced him. It was as if he desired to add to the strength of Michelangelo that sweetness which at first sight seems to be wanting there. *Ex forti dulcedo*; and in the study of Michelangelo certainly it is enjoyable to detect, if we may, sweet savors amid the wonderful strength, the strangeness and potency of what he pours forth for us; with Raphael, conversely, something of a relief to find in the suavity of that so softly moving, tuneful existence, an assertion of strength. There was the promise of it, as you remember, in his very look as he saw himself at eighteen; and you know that the lesson, the prophecy of those holy women and children he has made his own, is

that "the meek shall possess." So, when we see him at Rome at last, in that atmosphere of greatness, of the strong, he too is found putting forth strength, adding that element in due proportion to the mere sweetness and charm of his genius; yet a sort of strength, after all, still congruous with the line of development that genius has hitherto taken, the special strength of the scholar and his proper reward, a purely cerebral strength—the strength, the power of an immense understanding.

Now the life of Raphael at Rome seems as we read of it hasty and perplexed, full of undertakings, of vast works not always to be completed, of almost impossible demands on his industry, in a world of breathless competition, amid a great company of spectators, for great rewards. You seem to lose him, feel he may have lost himself, in the multiplicity of his engagements; might fancy that, wealthy, variously decorated, a courtier, cardinal *in petto*, he was "serving tables." But, you know, he was forcing into this brief space of years (he died at thirty-seven) more than the natural business of the larger part of a long life; and one way of getting some kind of clearness into it, is to distinguish the various divergent outlooks or applications, and group the results of that immense intelligence, that still untroubled, flawlessly operating, completely informed understanding, the purely cerebral power, acting through his executive, inventive or creative gifts, through the eye and the hand with its command of visible color and form. In that way you may follow him along many various roads till brain and eye and hand suddenly fail in the very midst of his work—along many various roads, but you can follow him along each of them distinctly.

At the end of one of them is the "Galatea," and in quite a different form of industry, the data for the beginnings of a great literary work of pure erudition. Coming to the capital of Christendom, he comes also for the first time under the full influence of the

antique world, pagan art, pagan life, and is henceforth an enthusiastic archaeologist. On his first coming to Rome a papal bull had authorized him to inspect all ancient marbles, inscriptions, and the like, with a view to their adaptation in new buildings then proposed. A consequent close acquaintance with antiquity, with the very touch of it, blossomed literally in his brain, and under his facile hand, in artistic creations, of which the "Galatea" is indeed the consummation. But the frescoes of the Farnese palace, with a hundred minor designs, find their places along that line of his artistic activity, and did not exhaust his knowledge of antiquity, his interest in and control of it. The mere fragments of it that still cling to his memory would have composed, had he lived longer, a monumental illustrated survey of the monuments of ancient Rome.

To revive something of the proportionable spirit at least of antique building in the architecture of the present, came naturally to Raphael as the son of his age; and at the end of another of those roads of diverse activity stands Saint Peter's, though unfinished. What a proof again of that immense intelligence, by which, as I said, the element of strength supplemented the element of mere sweetness and charm in his work, that at the age of thirty, known hitherto only as a painter, at the dying request of the venerable Bramante himself, he should have been chosen to succeed him as the director of that vast enterprise. And if little in the great church, as we see it, is directly due to him, yet we must not forget that his work in the Vatican also was partly that of an architect. In the Loggie, or open galleries of the Vatican, the last and most delicate effects of Quattrocento taste came from his hand, in that peculiar arabesque decoration which goes by his name.

Saint Peter's, as you know, had an indirect connection with the Teutonic reformation. When Leo X. pushed so far the sale of indulgences to the overthrow of Luther's Catholicism, it was done after all for the not entirely selfish

purpose of providing funds to build the metropolitan church of Christendom with the assistance of Raphael; and yet, upon another of those diverse out-ways of his so versatile intelligence, at the close of which we behold his unfinished picture of the Transfiguration, what has been called Raphael's Bible finds its place—that series of biblical scenes in the Loggie of the Vatican. And here, while he has shown that he could do something of Michelangelo's work a little more soothingly than he, this graceful Roman Catholic rivals also what is perhaps best in the work of the rude German reformer—of Luther who came to Rome about this very time, to find nothing admirable there. Place, along with them, the Cartoons, and observe that in this phase of his artistic labor, as Luther printed his vernacular German version of the Scriptures, so Raphael is popularizing them for an even larger world; brings the simple, to their great delight, face to face with the Bible as it is, in all its variety of incident, after they had so long had to content themselves with but fragments of it, as presented in the symbolism and in the brief lections of the liturgy: *Biblia Pauperum*, in a hundred forms of reproduction, though designed for popes and princes.

But then, for the wise, at the end of yet another of those divergent ways, glows his painted philosophy in the "Parnassus" and the "School of Athens," with their numerous accessories. In the execution of those works, of course, his antiquarian knowledge stood him in good stead; and here, above all, is the pledge of his immense understanding, at work on its own natural ground on a purely intellectual deposit, the apprehension, the transmission to others of complex and difficult ideas. We have here, in fact, the sort of intelligence to be found in Lessing, in Herder, in Hegel, in those who, by the instrumentality of an organized philosophic system, have comprehended in one view or vision what poetry has been, or what Greek philosophy, as great complex dynamic facts in the world. But then, with the artist of the

sixteenth century, this synoptic intellectual power worked in perfect identity with the pictorial imagination and a magic hand. By him large theoretic conceptions are addressed, so to speak, to the intelligence of the eye. There had been efforts at such abstract or theoretic painting before, or say, rather, leagues behind him. Modern efforts, again, we know, and not in Germany alone, to do the like for that larger survey of such matters which belongs to the philosophy of our own century, but for one or many reasons they have seemed only to prove the incapacity of philosophy to be expressed in terms of art. They have seemed, in short, so far, not fit to be seen literally—those ideas of culture, religion, and the like. Yet Plato, as you know, supposed a kind of visible loveliness about ideas. Well! in Raphael, painted ideas, painted and visible philosophy are for once as beautiful as Plato thought they must be, if one truly apprehended them. For note, above all, that with all his wealth of antiquarian knowledge in detail, and with a perfect technique, it is after all the beauty, the grace of poetry, of pagan philosophy, of religious faith that he thus records.

Of religious faith also. The "Disputa," in which, under the form of a council representative of all ages, he embodies the idea of theology, *divinarum rerum notitia*, as constantly resident in the Catholic Church, ranks with the "Parnassus" and the "School of Athens," if it does not rather close another of his long lines of intellectual travail—a series of compositions, partly symbolic, partly historical, in which the "Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison," the "Expulsion of the Huns," and the "Coronation of Charlemagne," find their places; and by which, painting in the great official chambers of the Vatican, Raphael asserts, interprets the power and charm of the Catholic ideal as realized in history. A scholar, a student of the visible world, of the natural man, yet even more ardently of the books, the art, the life of the old pagan world, the age of the Renaissance had been, through all its varied activity, in

spite of the weakened hold of Catholicism on the critical intellect still under its influence, the glow of it, as a religious ideal, and in the presence of Raphael you cannot think it a mere after-glow. Independently, that is, of less or more evidence for it, the whole creed of the Middle Age, as a scheme of the world as it should be, as we should be glad to find it, was still welcome to the heart, the imagination. Now, in Raphael, all the various conditions of that age discover themselves as characteristics of a vivid personal genius, which may be said therefore to be conterminous with the genius of the Renaissance itself. For him, then, in the breadth of his immense cosmopolitan intelligence, for Raphael, who had done in part the work of Luther also, the Catholic Church—through all its phases, as reflected in its visible local centre, the papacy—is alive still as of old, one and continuous, and still true to itself. Ah! what is local and visible, as you know, counts for so much with the artistic temper!

Old friends or old foes, with but new faces, events repeating themselves, as his large, clear, synoptic vision can detect, the invading king of France, Louis XII., appears as Attila; Leo X. as Leo I.; and he thinks of, he sees, at one and the same moment, the coronation of Charlemagne and the interview of Pope Leo with Francis I., as a dutiful son of the Church; of the deliverance of Leo X. from prison, and the deliverance of St. Peter.

I have abstained from anything like description of Raphael's pictures in speaking of him and his work, have aimed rather at preparing you to look at his work for yourselves, by a sketch of his life, and therein especially, as most appropriate to this place, of Raphael as a scholar. And now if, in closing, I commend one of his pictures in particular to your imagination or memory, your purpose to see it, or see it again, it will not be the Transfiguration nor the Sixtine Madonna, nor even the "Madonna del Gran Duca," but the picture we have in London—the Ansidei, or Blenheim, Madonna. I find there, at first sight, with something of the pleas-

ure one has in a proposition of Euclid, a sense of the power of the understanding, in the economy with which he has reduced his material to the simplest terms, has disentangled and detached its various elements. He is painting in Florence, but for Perugia, and sends it a specimen of its own old art—Mary and the babe enthroned, with St. Nicolas and the Baptist in attendance on either side. The kind of thing people there had already seen so many times, but done better, in a sense not to be measured by degrees, with a wholly original freedom and life and grace, though he perhaps is unaware, done better as a whole, because better in every minute particular, than ever before. The scrupulous scholar, aged twenty-three, is now indeed a master; but still goes carefully. Note, therefore, how much mere exclusion counts for in the positive effect of his work. There is a saying that the true artist is known best by what he omits. Yes, because the whole question of good taste is involved precisely in such jealous omission. Note this, for instance, in the familiar Apennine background, with its blue hills and brown towns, faultless, for once—for once only—and observe, in the Umbrian pictures around, how often such background is marred by grotesque, natural, or architectural detail, by incongruous or childish incident. In this cool, pearl-grey, quiet place, where color tells for double—the jewelled cope, the painted book in the hand of Mary, the chaplet of red coral—one is reminded that among all classical writers Raphael's preference was for the faultless Virgil. How orderly, how divinely clean and sweet the flesh, the vesture, the floor, the earth and sky! Ah, say rather the hand, the method of the painter! There is an unmistakable pledge of strength, of movement and animation in the cast of the Baptist's countenance, but reserved, repressed. Strange, Raphael has given him a staff of transparent crystal. Keep, then, to that picture as the embodied formula of Raphael's genius. Amid all he has here already achieved, full, we may think, of the quiet assur-

ance of what is to come, his attitude is still that of the scholar ; he seems still to be saying, before all things, from first to last, "I am utterly purposed that I will not offend."

WALTER PATER.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
A FRIEND OF THE COMMUNE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

"SEE, madame, see — there, on the Hill of Pains ! — one more — one more."

"One more, Marie — it is the life ; that on the hill, this here below ; and yet the sun is bright, the cockatoos are laughing in the palms, and you hear my linnet singing."

"It turns slowly — slowly. Now it points across the Winter Valley, — ah !"

"Yes, across the Winter Valley, where the deep woods are, and beyond —"

"And beyond ?"

"To the Pascal River."

"And my home is at the Pascal River. How dim the sunshine has become ! I can only see It now — like a long, dark finger."

"No, child ; there is bright sunshine still ; there is no cloud at all ; but It is like a finger ; it is quivering now, as if it were not sure."

"Thanksgiving, if it be not sure ! — but the hill is cloudy still."

"No, Marie, how droll you are ! — the hill is not cloudy ; even from here one can see something glisten beside the grove of pines."

"I know. It is the White Rock where King Ovi died, but whose burial-place none knows."

"A black king merely."

"His heart was not black ; there are stains upon White Rock, and they are red. Is it still upon the Hill of Pains, madame ?"

"Yes, still, and pointing as you say, like a human finger towards Winter Valley."

"I did not say a *human* finger, madame ; there is nothing human there."

"Yet was not that the gleam of bayonets near the palisade ?"

"But bayonets are not human, neither here in Noumea, nor yet on Isle Nou over there."

"You are sad to-day, my Marie. Have you had lonely dreams ?"

"You are human, madame. It is like summer always where you are. Is it very bright out there, just now ? Sometimes — sometimes, madame, things are so dark to me."

"Marie, turn your face to me so ! Your eyes do not see, my child, because they are full of tears. The cloud is in them, not on the world. See, I kiss this rain away."

"Yes, it is my eyes, madame."

"It is the tears, Marie."

"I weep for the cloud out there upon the world, and yet the cloud is in my eyes."

"You weep because of It, Marie. Your heart is tender. Your tears are for the prisoner — the hunted in the chase."

"No, madame, I am selfish ; I weep for myself. Tell me truly, as — as if I were your own child — was there no cloud, no darkness, out there ?"

"None, dear."

"Then — then — madame, I suppose it was my tears."

"Yes, Marie, it was your tears."

But each said in her heart that it was not tears ; each said : "Let not this thing come, O God." And then with a caress they parted ; but the girl remained to watch, as it might be granted to her, that gloomy thing upon the Hill of Pains.

As she stood there, with her fingers clasped upon a letter, which she drew from her pocket and looked at once or twice, a voice from among the palms outside floated towards her. It was speaking thus : "He escaped last night ; the semaphore, there upon the Hill of Pains, shows that they have got upon his track. I suppose they'll try to converge upon him, and hem him in, before he gets to Pascal River. Once there he might have a chance of escape ; but he'll need a lot of luck, poor wretch !"

Marie's fingers tightened on the letter.

Then another voice replied, and it brought a flush to the cheek of the girl, and a hint of trouble in her eyes. It said in no apparent connection with what had just been uttered, "Is Miss Gorham here still?"

"Ah, yes, Miss Marie Gorham is still here, to our pleasure. My wife will be distressed when she leaves us; yet she speaks of going very soon."

"I doubt not she will be distressed to go. The Hôtel du Gouverneur spoils us for all other places in New Caledonia."

"You are too kind, Monsieur Farling."

"I do not say at all what I should like to say, Monsieur le Gouverneur."

"But I fear that those who think as you are not many. After all, I am little more here than a gaoler—merely a gaoler, Monsieur Farling."

"Ah, pardon me if I correct you,—the commandant of a military station and the governor of a colony."

"The station is a penitentiary; the colony—eh?—for *libérés*, ticket-of-leave men, and outcast Paris; with a sprinkling of gentlemen and officers dying of *ennui*. No, my friend, we French are not colonists. We emigrate, we do not colonize. This is no colony. We do no good here."

"You forget the nickel mines."

"Quarries for the convicts and for political prisoners of the lowest class."

"And the plantations."

"Ah, there I crave your pardon. You are a planter, but you are English. Monsieur Gorham is a planter and an owner of mines, but he is English. The man who has made the most money in New Caledonia—Monsieur Hilton—is an Englishman. You and a few others like you, French and English, are the only colony I have. I do not rule you; you help me to rule."

"To rule?"

"By being on the side of justice and public morality; by dining with me (though all too seldom); by giving me a quiet hour now and then beneath your vines and fig-trees; and so making

this uniform less burdensome for me to carry. No, no, Monsieur Murray Farling, I know you are about to say something very gracious; but you shall not, you shall pay your compliments to the ladies."

As they journeyed to the morning-room Murray Farling said: "Does Monsieur Rive Laflamme still come to paint the portrait of Miss Gorham?"

"Yes; but it ends in a day or two, and then no more of that. Prisoners are prisoners, and pleasant as is Monsieur Laflamme—that makes it the more difficult."

"Why should he be treated so well?—as a first-class prisoner, and others of the Commune be so degraded here—as Mayer, for instance?"

"It is but a question of degree. He was an artist and something of a dramatist; he was not at the Place Vendôme at a certain critical moment; he was not at Montmartre at a particular terrible time; he was not a major like Mayer; he was young, with the face of a patriot. Well, they sent Mayer to the galleys at Toulon; then, among the worst of the prisoners here—he was too bold, too full of speech; he had not Laflamme's gift of silence, of pathos. Mayer works coarsely, severely here; Laflamme grows his vegetables, idles about Ducos, swings in his hammock, and appears at inspections. One day he sent to me the picture of my wife,—here it is. Is it not charming? The size of a franc-piece and so perfect! and framed in gold. You know the soft hearts of women."

"You mean that Madame Solde —"

"That my wife persuaded me to let him come here to paint my portrait. He has done so, and now he paints Mademoiselle Gorham. But —"

"But? Yes?"

"But these things have their dangers."

"Have their dangers," Murray Farling musingly repeated, and then added under his breath almost, "Escape or —"

"Or something else," the governor rather sharply interrupted; and then, as they were entering the room, gaily

continued : " Ah, here we come, made-moiselle, to — "

" To pay your surplus of compliments, Monsieur le Gouverneur. I could not help but hear something of what you said. Mr. Farling, I am glad to see you. Let me think ; how long is it since you were patriotic ? "

" I am afraid I do not quite understand, Miss Gorham. "

" You are English, so am I. I am here at the charming house of a French governor ; Madame Solde spoils me ; there are denationalizing influences about me — you leave me to my fate, " she said, with pretty mockery.

" Believe me, Miss Gorham, " replied Murray Farling, with the blood quickening at his heart, " believe me, to be patriotic, one does not kneel continuously at the foot of the throne ; besides, the court is not always open to subjects. "

" And subjects have plantations and — "

" And I leave you to Mademoiselle Gorham's tender mercies, Farling, " said the governor. "*Au revoir !* "

When he had gone, Murray Farling said : " Ah ! you are gay to-day. "

" No, indeed, no, I am sad. "

" Sad ? and wherefore sad ? Is nickel proving a drug ? Or sugar ? Don't tell me that your father says sugar is falling. " He glanced at the letter, which she unconsciously held in her hand.

She saw his look, smoothed the letter a little nervously between her palms, and put it in her pocket, replying : " No, father has not said that sugar is falling — but come here, will you ? " and she motioned towards the open window. When there, she said slowly : " That is what makes me sad and sorry, " and she pointed to the semaphore upon the Hill of Pains.

" You are too tender-hearted, " he remarked. " A convict has escaped ; he will be caught perhaps — perhaps not ; and things will go on as before. "

" Will go on as before. That is, the *martinet* worse than the *knout de Russe* ; the *poucettes*, the *crapaudine* on neck and ankles and wrists ; all, all as bad as the *Pater Noster* of the Inquisition, as

Mayer said the other day in the face of Charpentier, the commandant of the penitentiary. How pleasant also to think of the Boulevard de Guillotine ! I tell you it is brutal, horrible. Think of what prisoners have to suffer here, whose only crime is that they were of the Commune ; that they were just a little madder than other Frenchmen. "

" Pardon me, if I say that as brutal things were done by the English in Tasmania. "

" Think of two hundred and sixty strokes of the ' cat ' ! "

" You concern yourself too much about these things, I fear. "

" I only think that death would be easier than the life of half the convicts here. "

" They themselves would prefer it, perhaps. "

" Tell me, who is the convict that has escaped ? " she rather feverishly asked. " Is it a political prisoner ? "

" You would not know him. He was one of the Commune who escaped shooting in the Place de la Concorde. Carbourd, I think, was his name. "

" Carbourd, Carbourd, " she repeated, and turned her head away towards the semaphore.

The girl's earnestness roused in Murray Farling a glow of intense sympathy ; a sympathy which had its origin, as he well knew, in three years of growing love. This love leaped up now determinedly, and perhaps unwisely ; but what should a blunt soul like Murray Farling know regarding the best or worst time to seek a woman's heart ? He came close to her now and said : " If you are so kind in thought for a convict, I dare hope that you would be more kind to me. "

" Be kind to you, " she replied, as if not understanding what he said, nor the look in his eyes.

" For I am a prisoner, too. "

" You a prisoner ? " she a little tremulously, a little coldly, rejoined.

" In your hands, Marie Gorham. " His eyes laid bare his heart.

" Oh, " she replied, in a half-troubled, half-indignant fashion, for she was out of touch with the occasion of his suit,

and every woman has in her mind the time when she should and when she should not be wooed; besides—"Oh, why aren't you plain with me?" she protestingly cried. "You say things strangely, vaguely."

"Why do I not speak plainly? Because, Marie Gorham, it is possible for a man to be fearful, to be a coward in his speech"—he touched her fingers—"when he loves."

She drew her hand from his quickly. "Oh, can't we be friends without that?" she said somewhat bitterly.

At that instant there was a sound of footsteps at the window. Both turned, and saw the political prisoner, Rive Laflamme, followed by a guard.

"He comes to finish my portrait," she said. "This is the last sitting."

"Marie, must I go like this? When may I see you again? When will you answer me? You will not make all the hopes of my love to end here?"

It was evident that some deep trouble was on the girl. She flushed hotly, as if she were about to reply hotly also, but she changed quickly, and said, not unkindly: "When Monsieur Laflamme is gone." And now, as if repenting of her unreasonable words of a moment before, she added: "Oh, please don't think me hard. I am sorry that I grieve you. I'm afraid I am not altogether well; not altogether happy."

"I will wait till he has gone," the planter replied. At the door he turned as if to say something, but he only looked sadly, sadly at her, and then was gone.

She stood where he had left her, gazing with melancholy abstraction at the door through which he had passed. There were footsteps without in the hall-way. The door was opened, and a servant announced Monsieur Laflamme. The painter-prisoner entered, followed by the soldier. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Angers, the elderly companion of Miss Gorham, sidled in gently.

Rive Laflamme bowed low to Marie Gorham, and then turned and said coolly to the soldier: "You may wait outside to-day, Roupet. This is my last morning's work. It is important, and you

splutter and cough. You annoy me. You are too exhausting for a studio."

But Roupet answered: "Monsieur, I have my orders."

"Nonsense. This is the governor's house. I am perfectly safe here. Give your orders a change of scene. You would better enjoy the refreshing coolness of the corridors this morning. You won't? Oh yes, you will. Here's a cigarette—there, take the whole bunch—I paid too much for them, but no matter. Ah, pardon me, Mademoiselle Gorham. I forgot that you cannot smoke here, Roupet; but you shall have them all the same—there! *Parbleu!* you are a handsome rascal—if you weren't so wheezy! Come, come, Roupet, make yourself invisible."

The eyes of the girl were on the soldier. They did the work better; a warrior has a soft place in his heart for a beautiful woman, and this fellow had memories. He wheeled suddenly, and disappeared from the room, motioning that he would remain at the door.

The painting began, and for half an hour or more was continued without a word. In the silence the placid Angers had fallen asleep.

Nodding slightly towards her, Rive Laflamme said in a low voice to Marie Gorham: "Her hearing at its best is not remarkable?"

"Not remarkable."

He spoke more softly. "That is good. Well, the portrait is done. It has been the triumph of my life to paint it. Not that first joy I had when I won the great prize in Paris equals it. I am glad; and yet—and yet there was much chance that it would never be finished."

"Why?"

"Carbours is gone."

"Yes, I know—well?"

"Well, I should be gone also were it not for this portrait. The chance came. I was tempted. I determined to finish this. I stayed."

"Do you think that he will be caught?"

"Not alive. Carbours the patriot has suffered too much—the galleys, the *corde*, the triangle, everything but the

guillotine. Carbourd has a wife and children — ah, yes, you know all about it. You remember that letter she sent; I can recall every word; can you?"

The girl paused, and then with a rapt sympathy in her face repeated slowly: "I am ill, and our children cry for food. The wife calls to her husband, my darlings say, 'Will father never come home?'"

Marie Gorham's eyes were moist.

"Mademoiselle, he was no common criminal. He was like a martyr. He would grandly have died for the cause. He loved France too wildly. That was his sin."

"Carbourd is free," she said as if to herself.

"He has escaped." His voice now was the smallest whisper. "And now my time has come."

"When? And where do you go?"

"To-night, and to join Carbourd, if I can, at the Pascal River. At King Ovi's Cave if possible."

The girl was very pale. She turned and looked at Angers who still slept. "And then?"

"And then, as I have said to you before, to the coast, to board the Parroquet, which will lie off the island St. Jerome three days from now to carry us away into freedom. It is all arranged by our 'Underground Railway.'"

"And you tell me all this to-day — why?" the girl said falteringly.

"Because you said that you would not let a hunted fugitive starve; that you would give us horses, with which we could travel the Broken Path across the hills. Here is the plan of the river that you drew; at this point the King's Cave which you discovered, and is known only to yourself."

"I ought not to have given you that paper; but —"

"Ah, you will not repent of a noble action, of a great good to me — Marie?"

"Hush, hush, Monsieur Laflamme. Indeed you may not speak to me so. You forget. I am sorry for you; I think you do not deserve this — banishment. You are unhappy here; and I

told you of the King's Cave — that was all."

"Ah, no, that is not all. To be free, that is grand; but only that I may be a man again; that I may love my art — and you; that I may once again be proud of France."

"Monsieur, I repeat, you must not speak so. Do not take advantage of my willingness to serve you."

"*Pardon!* a thousand *pardons!* but that was in my heart, and I hoped, I hoped —"

"You must not hope. I can only know you as Monsieur Rive Laflamme, the —"

"The political convict; ah, yes, I know," he said bitterly; "a convict over whom the knout is held; who may at any moment be shot down like a hare; who has but two prayers in all the world: to be free in France once more, and to be loved by one —"

She interrupted him: "Your first prayer is natural."

"Natural? Do you know what song we sang in the cages of the ship that carried us into this evil exile here? Do you know what brought tears to the eyes of the guards? — what made the captain and the sailors turn their heads away from us, lest we should see that their faces were wet? What rendered the soldiers who had fought us in the Commune more human for the moment? It was this: —

Adieu, patrie!
L'onde est en furie,
Adieu patrie
Azur!

Adieu, maison, treille au fruit mûr,
Adieu les fruits d'or du vieux mûr!
Adieu, patrie,
Ciel, forêt, prairie;
Adieu patrie,
Azur.

Well, Carbourd sang that song last night so softly to himself, and I sang it also, with another: —

Beyond the valley lives my love —
Ah, ah, the Winter Valley!
I meet her where —"

"Hush! Oh, hush, monsieur!" the girl said.

He looked and saw that Angers was waking. "If I live," he hurriedly whispered, "I shall be at the King's Cave to-morrow night — and you? — the horses?"

"And you shall have my help and the horses." Then more loudly: "Adieu, monsieur."

At that moment Madame Solde entered the room. She acknowledged Laflamme's presence gravely.

"It is all done, madame," he said.

"All done, monsieur?"

"The portrait, as you may honor it with a glance."

Madame Solde bowed coldly, but said: "It is well done."

"It is my masterpiece," remarked the painter musingly; "if my poor work can be given such a name. Will you permit me to say adieu, mesdames? I go to join my amiable and attentive companion, Roupet the guard." He bowed himself out.

Madame Solde then turned, and drew Marie aside. Angers discreetly left.

The governor's wife drew the girl's head back on her shoulder, and kissed her on the eyes. "Marie," she said, "Monsieur Farling does not seem happy; cannot you make him happier?"

With quivering lips the girl laid her head on the Frenchwoman's breast, and said: "Ah, do not ask me. Madame, I am going home to-day."

"To-day? But, my child, so soon! I wished —"

"I must go to-day."

"But we had hoped you would stay while Monsieur Farling —"

"Murray Farling — will — go with me — perhaps."

"Ah, my dear Marie!" The woman kissed the girl and wondered.

That afternoon Marie Gorham was riding across the Winter Valley to her father's plantation at the Pascal River. Angers was driving ahead. Beside Marie rode Murray Farling, silent and attentive. Arrived at the homestead, she said to him in the shadow of the *naoulis*: "Murray Farling, what would you do to prove the love you say you have for me?"

"All that a man could do I would do."

"Can you see the semaphore from here?"

"Yes, there it is clear against the sky — look!"

But the girl did not look. She touched her eyelids with her fingertips, as though they were fevered, and then said: "Many have escaped. They are searching for Carbourd and —"

"Yes, — and, Marie?"

"And Monsieur Laflamme —"

"Laflamme!" he said sharply. Then noticing how at his brusqueness the paleness of her face changed to a startled flush for an instant, his generosity conquered, and he added gently: "Well, I fancied he would try, but what do you know about that, Marie Gorham?"

"He and Carbourd were friends. They were chained together in the galleys, they lived — at first — together here. They both desire to return to France."

"Tell me," he said, "what do you know of this? What is it to you?"

"You wish to know all before you will swear to do what I desire."

"I will do anything you ask, because you will not require of me what is unmanly."

"Rive Laflamme will escape to-night if possible, and join Carbourd on the Pascal River, at a safe spot that I know." She told him of the cave.

"Yes, yes, I understand. You would help him. And I?"

"You will help me. You will?"

There was a slight pause, and then he said: "Yes, I will. But think what this is to an Englishman — to yourself; to be accomplice to the escape of a French prisoner."

"I gave a promise to a man whom I believe deserves it; who himself believed he was a patriot. If you were in that position, and I were a Frenchwoman, I would do the same for you."

He smiled rather grimly and said: "If it pleases you that this man escape, I shall hope he may, and will help you. Here comes your father."

"I could not let him know," she

said. "He has no sympathy for any one like that, for any one at all, I think, but me. Ah, me!"

"There, don't be down-hearted. If you have set your heart on this, I at least will try to bring it about, God knows! Now let us be less gloomy. Conspirators should smile. That is the cue. Besides, see, the world is bright. Look at the glow upon the hills."

"I suppose the semaphore is glistening at the Hill of Pains; but I cannot see it."

And he did not understand her.

II.

A FEW hours after this conversation between Marie Gorham and Murray Farling, Rive Laflamme sought to accomplish his escape. He had lately borne a letter from the commandant, which permitted him to go from point to point outside the peninsula of Ducos, where the least punished of the political prisoners were kept. He depended somewhat on this for his escape. Carbourd had been more heroic, but then Carbourd was desperate. Rive Laflamme believed more in ability than force. It was ability and money that had won over the captain of the Parroquet, coupled with the connivance of an old member of the Commune, who was now a guard. This night there was increased alertness, owing to the escape of Carbourd; and himself, if not more closely watched, was at least open to quick suspicion owing to his known friendship for Carbourd. He strolled about the fortified enclosure, chatting to fellow prisoners, and waiting for the call which should summon them to the huts. Through years of studied good-nature he had come to be regarded as a contented prisoner. He had no enemies save one among the guards. This man Maillot he had offended by thwarting his continued ill-treatment of a young lad who had been one of the condemned of the Commune, and whose hammock, at last, by order of the commandant, was slung in Laflamme's hut. For this kindness and interposition the lad was grateful and devoted. He had been set

to labor in the nickel mines; but that came near to killing him, and again through Laflamme's pleadings he was made a prisoner of the first class, and so relieved of all heavy tasks. Not even he suspected the immediate relations of Laflamme and Carbourd; nor that Laflamme was preparing for escape.

As Laflamme waited for the summons to huts, a squad of prisoners went clanking by him, manacled. They had come from road-making. These never heard from wife nor child, nor held any communication with the outside world, nor had any speech with each other, save by a silent gesture-language that eluded the vigilance of the guards. As the men passed, Rive Laflamme looked at them steadily. They knew him well. Some of them remembered his speeches at the Place Vendôme. They bore him no ill-will that he did not suffer as they. Laflamme made a swift sign to a prisoner near the rear of the column. The man smiled but gave no answering token. This was part of the unspoken vocabulary of imprisonment, and, in this instance, conveyed the two words: *I escape.*

A couple of hours later Laflamme rose from his hammock in his hut, and leant over the young lad, who was sleeping. He touched him gently.

The lad waked: "Yes, yes, monsieur."

"I am going away, my friend."

"Away? To escape like Carbourd?"

"Yes, I hope, like Carbourd."

"May I not go also, monsieur? I am not afraid."

"No, lad. If there must be death one is enough. You must stay. Good-bye."

"You will see my mother? She is old and she grieves."

"Yes, I will see your mother. And more. You shall be free. I will see to that. Be patient, little comrade. Nay, nay, hush. No thanks. Adieu!" And he put his hands on the lad's shoulder and kissed his forehead.

"I wish I had died at the barricades. But, yes, I will be brave; be sure of that."

"You shall live in France, which is better. Once more, adieu!" and Rive Laflamme passed out.

It was raining. He knew that if he could satisfy the first sentinel he should stand a better chance of escape, since he had had so much freedom of late; and to be passed by one would help with others. He went softly, but he was soon challenged.

"Halt. Who goes there?"

"Condemned of the Commune — by order."

"Whose order?"

"That of the commandant."

"Advance order."

The sentinel knew him. "Ah, Laflamme," he said, and raised the point of his bayonet. The paper was produced. It did not entitle him to go about at night, and certainly not beyond the enclosure without a guard; it was insufficient. In unfolding the paper Laflamme purposely dropped it in the mud. He hastily picked it up, and, in doing so, smeared it. He wiped it, leaving the signature comparatively plain — nothing else.

"Well," said the sentinel, "the signature is right, but it is not like an order. Where do you go?"

"To Government House."

"I do not know that I should let you pass. But — well, look out that the next sentinel doesn't bayonet you. You came suddenly upon me."

The next sentinel was a Kanaka. The previous formula was repeated. The Kanaka examined the paper long, and then said: "You cannot pass."

"But the other sentinel passed me. Would you get him into trouble?"

The Kanaka frowned, hesitated, then said: "That is another matter. Well, pass!"

Twice more the same formula and arguments were used. At last he heard a voice in challenge that he knew. It was that of Maillot. This was a more difficult game. His order was taken with a malicious sneer by the sentinel. At that instant Laflamme threw his arms swiftly round the other, clapped a hand on his mouth, and, with a dexterous twist of leg, threw him backwards,

till it seemed as if the spine of the soldier must break. It was impossible to struggle against this trick of wrestling which Laflamme had learned from a famous Cornish wrestler, in a summer spent on the English coast.

"If you shout or speak I will kill you," he said to Maillot; and then dropped him heavily on the ground, where he lay senseless. The other stooped down and felt his heart. "Alive!" he said; then seized the rifle and plunged into the woods. The moon at that moment broke through the clouds, and he saw the semaphore like a ghost pointing towards Pascal River. He waved his hand towards his old prison, and with tightly pressed lips sped away.

But others were thinking of the semaphore at this moment; others saw it indistinct yet melancholy in the moonlight. The governor and his wife saw it; and Madame Solde said: "Alfred, I shall be glad when I shall see that no more, and all no more."

"My wife, you have too much feeling."

"I suppose Marie makes me think more of it to-day. She wept this morning at the thought of all this misery and punishment."

"You think that. Well, perhaps something more —"

"What more?"

"A condemned of the Commune — Rive Laflamme."

"No, no, it is impossible!"

"Indeed, it is as I say. My wife, you are blind. I chanced to see him with her yesterday. I should have prevented him coming to-day, but I knew it was his last day with the portrait, and that all should end here."

"We have done wrong in this — the poor child! Besides, she has, I fear, another sorrow coming. It showed itself to me to-day for the first time." Then she whispered to him, and he started, and sighed, and said at last: —

"But it must be saved — by — it shall be saved. And you love her so, my wife."

And at that moment Marie Gorham was standing in the open window of

the library of Pascal House. She had been thinking of her recent visit to the King's Cave, where she had left food; and of the fact that Carbourd was not there. She raised her face towards the moon and sighed; she was thinking of something else. She was not merely sentimental, for she said as if she had heard the words of the governor and Madame Solde: "Oh, if it could be saved!"

There was a rustle in the shrubbery near her. She turned towards the sound. A man came quickly towards her. "I am Carbourd," he said, "I could not find the way to the cave. They were after me. They have tracked me. Tell me quick how to go."

She swiftly gave him directions, and he darted away. Again there was a rustle in the leaves, and a man stepped forth. Something glistened in his hands,—a rifle, though she could not see it plainly. It was levelled at the flying figure of Carbourd. There was a report. Marie Gorham started forward with her hands on her temples and a sharp cry—she started forward into—absolute darkness. But there was a man's footsteps going swiftly by her. Why was it so dark? She stretched out her hands with a moan.

"Oh, mother! Oh, mother!" she cried, "I am blind!"

But her mother was sleeping unresponsive beyond the dark—beyond all dark. It was perhaps natural that she should cry to the dead and not to the living.

Marie Gorham was blind. She had known it was coming, and it had tried her as it would have tried any of the race of women. She had, when she needed it most, put love from her, and would not let her own heart speak, even to herself. She had sought to help one who loved her, and to fully prove the other—though the proving she knew was not necessary—before the darkness came; but here it was suddenly achieved by the sharp disturbance of a rifle-shot. It would have sent a shudder to a stronger heart than hers, that, in reply to her call on her dead mother, there came from the trees the shrill

laugh of the mopoke—the sardonic bird of the south.

As she stood there, with this tragedy enveloping her, the dull boom of a cannon came across the valley. "From Ducos," she said. "He has escaped. God help us all!" And she turned and groped her way into the room she had left.

She felt for a chair and sat down. She must think of what she now was. She wondered if Carbourd was killed. She listened, and thought not, since there was no sound without. But she knew that the house would be roused. She bowed her head in her hands. Surely she might weep a little for herself—she who had been so troubled for others. It is strange, but she thought of her flowers and birds, and wondered how she should tend them; of her own room which faced the north—the English north that she loved so well; of her horse, and marvelled if he would know that she could not see him; and lastly, of a widening horizon of pain, spread before the eyes of her soul, in which her father and another moved.

It seemed to her that she sat there for hours; it was in reality minutes only. A firm step and the opening of a door roused her. She did not turn her head—what need? She knew the step. There was almost a touch of ironical smiling at her lips, as she thought how she must hear and feel things only, in the future. A voice said: "Miss Gorham—Marie, are you here?"

"Yes, I am here."

"I'll strike a match so that you can see I'm not a bushranger. There has been shooting in the grounds. Did you hear it?"

"Yes. A soldier firing at Carbourd."

"You saw him?"

"Yes. He could not find the cave. I directed him. Immediately after he was fired upon."

"He can't have been hit. There are no signs of him. There, that's lighter and better, isn't it?"

"Perhaps—I do not know."

She had risen but she did not turn towards him. He came nearer to her. The enigmatical tone struck him

strangely, but he could find nothing less commonplace to say than, "You don't prefer the exaggerated gloaming, do you?"

"No, I do not prefer the gloaming, but why should not one be patient?"

"Be patient!" he repeated, and came nearer still. "Are you hurt or angry?"

"I am hurt, but not angry."

"What have I done? — or is it I?"

"It is not you. You are very good and noble. It is nobody but God. I am hurt, because he is angry, perhaps."

"Tell me what is the matter. Look at me." He faced her now — faced her eyes looking blindly straight before her.

"Murray Farling," she said, and she put her hand out slightly, not exactly to him, but as if to protect him from the blow which she herself must deal; "I am looking at you now."

"Yes, yes, but so strangely, and not in my eyes."

"I cannot look into your eyes, because, Murray, I am blind." And her hand went further out towards him.

He took it silently and pressed it to his bosom as he saw that she spoke true; and the shadow of this thing fell on him. The hand held to his breast felt how he was trembling from the shock.

"Sit down, dear friend," she said, "and I will tell you all; but do not hold my hand so, or I cannot."

And sitting there face to face, with deep furrows growing in his countenance, and a quiet sorrow spreading upon her cheek and forehead, she told the story how, since her childhood, her sight had played her false now and then, and within the past month, had grown steadily uncertain. "And now," she said at last, "I am blind. I think I should like to tell my father — if you please. Then when I have seen him and poor Angers, if you would come again! There is work to be done. I hoped it would be finished before this came; but — there, good friend, do go; I will sit here quietly."

She could not see his face, but she heard him say, "My love, my love,"

very softly, as he rose to go; and she smiled sadly to herself. She folded her hands in her lap, and thought, not bitterly, not listlessly, but deeply. She wanted to consider all cheerfully now; she tried to do so. She was musing among those flying perceptions, those nebulous facts of a new life, experienced for the first time; she was now not herself as she had been; another woman was born; and she was feeling carefully along the unfamiliar path which she must tread. She was not glad that these words ran through her mind continuously at first: —

"A land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is darkness."

Her brave nature rose against the moody spirit which sought to take possession of her, and she cried out in her heart valiantly: "But there is order, there is order. I shall *feel* things as they ought to be. I think I could tell now what was true and what was false in man or woman! it would be in their presence not in their faces."

She stopped speaking. She heard footsteps. Her father entered. Murray Farling had done his task gently, but the old planter, selfish and hard as he was, loved his daughter, and the meeting was bitter for him. The prop of his pride seemed shaken beyond recovery. But the girl's calm comforted them all, and poignancy became dull pain. Before parting for the night Marie said to Farling: "This is what I wish you to do for me: to bring over two of your horses to Point Assumption on the river; there is a glen beyond that as you know, and from it runs the steep and dangerous Brocken Path across the hills. I wish you to wait there until Monsieur Laflamme and Carbourd come by the river — that is their only chance. If they get across the hills they can easily reach the sea. I know that two of your horses have been over the path; they are sure-footed; they would know it in the night. Is it not so?"

"It is so. There are not a dozen horses in the colony that could be

trusted on it at night, but mine are safe. I shall do all you wish."

She put out both her hands and felt for his shoulders, and let them rest there for a moment, saying: "I ask much, and I can give no reward, except the gratitude of a girl who would rather die than break a promise. It isn't much, but it is all that is worth your having. Good-night. Good-bye!"

"Good-night. Good-bye," he gently replied; but he said something beneath his breath, that sounded determined, devoted, noble.

The next morning while her father was gone to consult the chief army-surgeon at Noumea, Marie strolled with Angers in the grounds. At length she said: "Angers, take me to the river, and then on down, until we came to the high banks." With her hand on Angers's arm, and in her face that passive gentleness which grows so sweetly from sightless eyes till it covers all the face, they passed slowly towards the river. When they came to the higher banks covered with dense scrub, Angers paused, and told Marie where they were.

"Find me the she-oak tree," the girl said; "there is only one, you know."

"Here it is, my dear. There, your hand is on it now."

"Thank you. Wait here, Angers, I shall be back presently."

"But oh, my dear —"

"Please do as I say, Angers, and do not worry;" and the girl pushed aside some bushes, and was lost to view. She pressed along vigilantly by a descending path, until her feet touched rocky ground. She nodded to herself, then pressing between two bits of jutting rock at her right, immediately stood at the entrance to a cave, hidden completely from the river and from the banks above. At the entrance, for which she felt, she paused and said aloud: "Is there any one here?" Something clicked far within the cave. It sounded like a rifle. Then stealthy steps were heard, and a voice said: —

"Ah, mademoiselle!"

"You are Carbourd?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, as you see."

"You escaped safely then from the rifle-shot? Where is the soldier?"

"He fell into the river. He was drowned."

"You are telling me the truth?"

"Yes, he stumbled in and sank — on my soul!"

"You mean you did not try to save him."

"He lied and got me six months in irons once; he called down on my back one hundred and fifty lashes a year ago; he had me kept on bread and water, and degraded to the fourth class, where I could never hear from my wife and children — never write to them. I lost one eye in the quarries because he made me stand too near a lighted fuse —"

"Poor man! poor man!" she said.

"You found the food I left here for you?"

"Yes, God bless you! And my wife and children will bless you too if I see France again."

"You know where the boat is?"

"Yes, I know."

"When you reach Point Assumption you will find horses there to take you across the Brocken Path. Monsieur Laflamme knows. I hope that you will both escape; that you will be happy in France with your wife and children, and Monsieur Laflamme with his art."

"You will not come here again?"

"No. If Monsieur Laflamme should not arrive — and you should go alone, leave one pair of oars; then I shall know. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, mademoiselle. A thousand times I will pray for you. Ah, *mon Dieu!* take care! — you are on the edge of the great tomb."

She stood perfectly still. At her feet was a dark excavation where was the skeleton of Ovi the king. This was the hidden burial place of the modern Hiawatha of these savage islands, unknown even to the natives themselves, and kept secret with a half-superstitious reverence by Marie Gorham, who had discovered it a few months before.

"I had forgotten," she said. "Please take my hand and set me right at the entrance."

"Your hand, mademoiselle? Mine is so — It is not dark."

"It is dark to me, for I am blind."

"Blind! blind! Oh, the pitiful thing! Since when, since when, mademoiselle?"

"Since the soldier fired on you — the shock."

The convict knelt at her feet. "Ah, mademoiselle, you are a good angel. I shall die of grief. To think — for such as me!"

"You will live to love your wife and children. This is the will of God with me. Am I in the path now? — Ah, thank you."

"But, Monsieur Laflamme — this will be a great sorrow to him."

Twice she seemed about to speak, but nothing came save good-bye. Then she crept cautiously away among the bushes and along the narrow path, the eyes of the convict following her. She had done a deed which, she understood, the world would blame her for if it knew, would call culpable or foolishly heroic; but she smiled, because she understood also, that the spotless heart and perfect mind cast out fear, and are safe among the lions.

At this time Rive Laflamme was stealing watchfully through the tropical scrub, where hanging vines tore his hands, and the sickening perfume of jungle flowers overcame him more than the hard journey which he had undergone during the past twelve hours.

Several times he had been within voice of his pursuers, and once a Kanaka scout passed close to him. He had had nothing to eat, he had had no sleep, he suffered from a wound in his neck caused by the broken protruding branch of a tree; but he had courage, and he was struggling for liberty — a tolerably sweet thing when one hasn't it. He found the cave at last, and with far greater ease than Carbourd had done, because he knew the ground better, and his instinct was keener. His greeting to Carbourd was nonchalantly cordial: —

"Well you see, comrade, King Ovi's Cave is a reality."

"Yes, so."

"I saw the boat. It is safe. The horses? What do you know?"

"The horses also will be at Point Assumption to-night."

"Then we go to-night. We shall have to run the chances of rifles along the shore at a range something short, but we have done that before, at the barricades, eh, Carbourd?"

"At the barricades. It is a pity that we cannot take Citizen Louise Michel with us."

"Yes, a pity, but her time will come." "She has no children crying and starving at home like —"

"Like yours, Carbourd, like yours. Well, I am starving here. Give me something to eat. Ah, that is good — excellent! What more can we want but freedom! Till the darkness of tyranny be overpast, — overpast, eh?"

This speech brought another weighty matter to Carbourd's mind. He said:

"I do not wish to distress you, but —"

"Now, Carbourd, what is the matter? faugh! this place smells musty. What's that? — a tomb? Speak out, Citizen Carbourd."

"It is this: Mademoiselle Gorham is blind." And then Carbourd told the story with a great anxiety in his words.

"The poor mademoiselle! is it so? A thousand pities. So kind, so young, so beautiful. Ah, I am distressed, and I finished her portrait yesterday. Yes, I remember her eyes looked too bright, and then again too dull; but I thought that it was excitement, and so — that!"

Rive Laflamme's regret was real enough up to a certain point, but, in sincerity and value, it was chasms below that of Murray Farling, who, even now, was getting two horses ready to give the Frenchmen their chance.

After a pause Laflamme said: "She will not come here again, Carbourd? No? Ah, well, perhaps it is better so; but I should have liked to speak my thanks to her. She is so kind!"

That night Marie Gorham sat by the window of the sitting-room, with the light burning, and Angers asleep in a chair beside her, — sat till long after midnight, in the thought that Laflamme,

if he had reached the cave, would, perhaps, dare something to see her and bid her good-bye. She would of course have told him not to come, but he was chivalrous, and then her blindness would touch him. Yet as the hours went by the thought came: was he, was he so chivalrous? was he altogether true? He did not come. The next morning Angers took her to where the boat had been, but it was gone, and no oars were left behind. So both had sought escape in it.

She went to the cave. She took Angers with her now. Upon the wall a paper was found. It was a note from Rive Laflamme. She asked Angers to give it to her without reading it. She put it in her pocket and kept it there until she should see Murray Farling. He should read it to her. And she said sometimes as she felt the letter in her pocket: "He loved me. It was the least that I could do. I am so glad." Yet she was not altogether glad either, and disturbing thoughts crossed the parallels of her pleasure.

It was the governor and Madame Solde who first brought news of the complete escape of the prisoners. They had fled across the hills by the Brocken Path, and though pursued after getting across, reached the coast, and were taken aboard the Parroquet, which sailed away with them. It is probable that Marie's visitors had their suspicions regarding the escape, but they were gentle, and did not make her uncomfortable. The fact is, the pity of the governor and his wife was very acute, and the cause of its special acuteness the governor made known, shortly after, to Murray Farling. But just now they were most concerned for the girl's physical misfortune. Madame Solde said to her: "My poor Marie — does it feel so dreadful, so dark?"

"No, madame, it is not so bad. There are many things which one does not wish to see, and one is spared that."

"But you will see again. When you go to England, to great physicians there."

"Then I should have three lives, madame; when I could see, when sight

died, and when sight was born again. How wise I should be!"

They left her sadly, and after a time she heard footsteps that she knew. She came forward and greeted Murray Farling.

"Ah," she said, "all has been successful, I know; and you were so good."

"Yes, they are safe upon the seas," he gently replied; and he kissed her hand.

"Now you will read this letter for me. Monsieur Laflamme left it behind in the cave."

With a pang he took it, and read thus:—

"DEAR FRIEND,— My grief for your misfortune is inexpressible. If it were possible I should say so in person, but there is danger and we must fly at once. You shall hear from me in full gratitude when I am in safety. I owe you so many thanks, as I give you so much of devotion. But there is the future for all. Mademoiselle, I kiss your hand.

"Always yours,

"RIVE LAFLAMME."

"Murray!" she said sadly when he had finished.

He started at the word: "Yes, yes, Marie."

"I seem to have new knowledge of things, now that I am blind. I think that letter is not altogether real, though it has gratitude. But *you* would have done it differently. You see, that was his way of saying—good-bye."

What Murray Farling thought, what he knew from the governor, whom he had met on his way to Pascal House, he dared not say. He was silent.

She continued: "I could not bear that one who was innocent of any real crime, and who was a great artist, and who believed himself to be a patriot, should suffer so here. When he asked me I helped him. Yet I suppose I was selfish, wasn't I?—it was because he loved me."

Murray Farling spoke breathlessly: "And because—you loved him, Marie?"

Her head was lifted quickly, as though

she saw, and was looking him in the eyes. "Oh no, oh no," she cried, "I never loved him. I was deeply sorry for him—that was all."

"Marie, Marie," he said very gently, while she shook her head a little pitifully, "did you love any one else?"

She was silent for a space and then she said: "Yes,—oh, Murray, I am so sorry for your sake that I am blind, and cannot marry you."

"But, my darling, you shall not always be blind, you shall see again, I hope. And you shall marry me also. As if—oh, Marie! as if one's love could live but by the sight of the eyes!"

"Poor, brave Murray! Blind, I could not marry you. It would not be just to you."

He smiled with a happy, hopeful determination: "But if you should see again?"

"Oh, then, dear."

And she married him, and in time her sight returned, though not completely. And Murray Farling never told her, as the governor had told him, that Rive Laflamme, when he was in New Caledonia, had a wife in Paris; and he is man enough to hope that she may never know.

But he has to this hour a profound regret that duels are out of fashion among Englishmen.

From The National Review.
THE TALL MASTER.

THE story has been so much tossed about in the mouths of Indians and half-breeds and men of the Hudson's Bay Company that you are pretty sure to hear only an apocryphal version of the thing as you now travel in the North. But Pretty Pierre was at Fort Luke when the battle occurred, and before and after he sifted the business thoroughly. For he had a philosophical turn, and this may be said of him, that he never lied except to save another from danger. In this matter he was cool and impartial from first to last, and, evil as his reputation was in many ways, there were those who believed and

trusted him. Himself, as he travelled back and forth through the North, had heard of the Tall Master. Yet he had never met any one who had seen him; for the Master had dwelt, it was said, chiefly among the strange tribes of the Far-Off Metal River whose faces were almost white, and who held themselves aloof from the southern races. The tales lost nothing by being retold, even when the historians were the men of the H.B.C.; Pierre knew what accomplished liars may be found among that company of adventurers trading in Hudson's Bay, and how their art had been none too delicately engrafted by his own people. But he was, as became him, open to conviction, especially when, journeying to Fort Luke, he heard what John Hybar, the chief factor—a man of uncommon quality—had to say. Hybar had once lived with those Indians of the Bright Stone, and had seen many rare things among them. He knew their legends of the White Valley and the Hills of the Mighty Men, and how their distinctive character had imposed itself on the whole Indian people of the North, so that there was none but believed, even though vaguely, in a pleasant land at the summit of the world; and Pierre himself, with Shon McGann and Just Trafford, had once had a strange experience in the Kimash Hills. He did not share the opinion of Lazenby, the company's clerk at Fort Luke, who said, when the matter was talked of before him, that it was all *hanky-panky*—which was evidence that he had lived in London town before his anxious relatives, sending him forth under the delusive flag of adventure and wild life, imprisoned him in the Arctic regions with the H.B.C.

Lazenby admired Pierre; said he was good stuff, and voted him amusing, with an ingenious emphasis of heathen oaths; but advised him, as only an insolent young scoundrel can, to forswear securing, by the seductive game of poker or euchre, larger interest on his capital than the H.B.C.; whose record, he insisted, should never be rivalled by any single man in any single lifetime. Then he incidentally remarked that he

would like to empty the company's cash-box once—only once—thus reconciling the preacher and the sinner, as many another has done. Lazenby's morals were not bad, however. He was simply fond of making them appear terrible; even when in London he was more idle than wicked. He gravely suggested at last that, as a culmination, he and Pierre should go out on the pad together. This was a mere stroke of pleasantry on his part, because, the most he could loot in that far North were furs and *caches* of buffalo meat; and a man's capacity and use for them were limited. Even Pierre's especial faculty and art seemed valueless so far Polewards; but he had his beat throughout the land, and he kept it like a perfect patrolman. He had not been at Fort Luke for years, and he would not be there again for more years; but it was certain that he would go on reappearing till he vanished utterly. At the end of the first week of this visit at Fort Luke, so completely had he conquered the place, he had won from the chief factor the year's purchases of skins, the stores, the fort itself; and every stitch of clothing owned by Lazenby; so that, if he had insisted on the redemption of the debts, the H.B.C. and Lazenby had been naked and hungry in the wilderness. But Pierre was not a hard creditor. He nonchalantly said that the fort would be useless to him; and handed it back again with all therein, on a hastily and humorously constructed ninety-nine years' lease, while Lazenby was left in pawn. Yet Lazenby's mind was not at perfect ease; he had a wholesome respect for Pierre's singularities, and dreaded being suddenly called upon to pay his debt before he could get new garments made—maybe, in the presence of Wind Driver, chief of the Golden Dogs, and his demure and charming daughter, Wine Face, who looked upon him with the eye of affection—a matter fully, but not ostentatiously, appreciated by Lazenby. If he could have entirely forgotten a pretty girl in South Kensington, who, at her parents' bidding, turned her shoulder on him, he had married Wine Face;

and so he told Pierre. But the half-breed had only a sardonic sympathy for such matters.

Things changed when Shon McGann arrived. He should have come before, according to a promise given Pierre; but there were reasons for the delay, and these Shon elaborated in his fine, picturesque style. He said that he had lost his way after he had left the Wapiti Woods, and should never have found it again had it not been for a strange being who came upon him and took him to the camp of the White Hand Indians, and cared for him there, and set him safely on his way again to Fort Luke.

"Sorra wan did I ever see like him," said Shon, "with a face that was divil this minute and saint the next; pale in the cheek, and black in the eye, and grizzled hair flowin' long at his neck and lyin' like snakes on his shoulders; and whin his fingers closed on yours, bedad! they didn't seem human at all, for they clamped you so cold and strong."

"For they clamped you so cold and strong," rejoined Pierre mockingly, yet greatly interested, as one could see by the upward range of his eye towards Shon. "Well, what more?"

"Well, squeeze the acid from y'r voice, Pierre, for there's things that better become you; and listen to me, for I've news for all here at the fort, before I've done, which'll open y'r eyes with a jerk."

"With a wonderful jerk, *holà!* Let us prepare, messieurs, to be waked with an Irish jerk!" and Pierre pensively trifled with the fringe on Shon's buckskin jacket, which was whisked from his fingers with a smothered oath. And for a few moments he was silent; but the eager looks of the chief factor and Lazenby encouraged him to continue. Besides, it was only Pierre's way; provoking Shon was the piquant sauce of his life.

"Lyin' awake I was," continued Shon, "in the middle of the night, not bein' able to sleep for a pain in a shoulder I'd strained, whin I heard a thing that drew me up standin'. It was the sound of a child laughin', so wonderful

and bright, and at the very door of me tent it seemed. Then it faded away till it was only a breath, lovely and idle and swingin'. I wint to the door and looked out. There was nothin' there, av coorse."

"And why 'av coorse'?" rejoined Pierre. The chief factor was intent on what Shon was saying, while Lazenby drummed his fingers on the table, his nose in the air.

"Divils me darlin', but ye know as well as I, that there's things in the world neither for havin' nor handlin'. And that's wan of thim, says I to meself. I wint back and lay down, and I heard the voice singin' now and comin' nearer and nearer, and growin' louder and louder, and then there came with it a patter of feet, till it was as a thousand children were dancin' by me door. I was shy enough, I'll own; but I pulled aside the curtain of the tent to see again — and there was nothin' beyand for the eye. But the singin' was goin' past and recedin' as before, till it died away along the waves of prairie grass. I wint back and give Grey Nose, my Injin bedfellow, a lift wid me fut. 'Come out of that,' says I, 'and tell me if dead or alive I am.' He got up, and there was the noise soft and grand again, but with it now the voices of men, the flip of birds' wings, and the sighin' of tree-tops; and behind all that the long wash of a sea like none I ever heard. 'Well,' says I to the Injin grinnin' before me, 'what's that in the name o' Moses?' 'That,' says he, laughin' slow in me face, 'is the Tall Master — him that brought you to the camp.' Thin I remembered all the things that's been said of him; and I knew it was music I'd been hearin', and not children's voices nor anythin' else at all.

"Come with me," says Grey Nose; and he took me to the door of a big tent standin' alone from the rest. 'Wait a minute,' says he, and he put his hand on the tent curtain; and at that there was a crash, as a million gold hammers were fallin' on silver drums. And we both stood still; for it seemed an army, with swords wranglin' and bridle-chains rattlin', was marchin'

down on us. There was the devil's own uproar, as a battle was comin' on; and a long line of spears clashed. But just then there whistled through the larrup of sound a clear voice callin', gentle and coaxin', yet commandin' too; and the spears dropped, and the pounding of horse-hoofs ceased, and then the army marched away; far away; iver so far away, into —"

"Into Heaven?" flippantly interjected Lazenby.

"Into Heaven, say I, and be choked to you! for there's no other place for it; and I'll stand by that till I go there myself, and know the truth o' the thing."

Pierre here spoke. "Heaven gave you a marvellous trick with words, Shon. I sometimes think that Irishmen have gifts for only two things — words and women. *Bien*, what then?"

Shon was determined not to be irritated. The occasion was too big. "Well, Grey Nose lifted the curtain and wint in. In a minute he comes out. 'You can go in,' says he. So in I wint, the Injin not comin', and there in the middle of the tint stood the Tall Master, alone. He had his fiddle to his chin, and the bow hoverin' above it. He looked at me for a long time along the thing; then all at once, from one string I heard the child laughin' that pleasant and distant, though the bow seemed not to be touchin'. Soon it thinned till it was the shadow of a laugh, and I didn't know when it stopped, he smilin' down at the fiddle bewhiles. Then he said, without lookin' at me, 'It is the Song of the White Valley and the Kimash Hills, the Hills of the Mighty Men; of which all men shall know, for the North will come to her spring once more at the remaking of the world. They thought that it would never be found again; but I have given it a home here.' And he bent and kissed the strings. After, he turn'd sharply as if he'd been spoken to, and looked at some one beside him, some one that I couldn't see. A cloud dropped upon his face; he caught the fiddle hungrily to his breast; and came limpin' over to me — for there was

some-thing' wrong with his fut—and lookin' down his hook-nose at me, says he, 'I've a word for them at Fort Luke, where you're goin', and you'd better be goin' at once; and I'll put you on your way. There's to be a great battle. The White Hands have an ancient feud with the Golden Dogs, and they have come from where the soft Chinook wind ranges the Peace River, to fight until no man of all the Golden Dogs be left, or till they themselves be destroyed. It is the same north and south,' he went on; 'I have seen it all in Italy, in Greece, in —' but here he stopped and smiled strangely. After a moment, he went on: 'The White Hands have no quarrel with the Englishmen of the fort, and I would warn them — for Englishmen were once kind to me — and warn also the Golden Dogs. So come with me at once,' says he. And I did. And he walked with me till mornin', carryin' the fiddle under his arm, but wrapped in a beautiful velvet cloth, havin' on it grand figures like the arms of a king or queen. And just at the first whisk of sun he turned me into a trail and give me good-bye, sayin' that maybe he'd follow me soon, and, at any rate, he'd be there at the battle. Well, divils betide me! I got off the track again, and lost a day; but here I am; and there's me story, to take or lave as you will."

Shon paused and began to fumble with the cards on the table before him, looking the while on the others.

The factor was the first to speak. "I don't doubt but he told you true about the White Hands and the Golden Dogs," he said; "for there's been war and bad blood between them for generations beyond the memory of man — at least, since the time that the Mighty Men lived, from which these date their history. But there's nothing to be done to-night; for if we tell old Wind Driver there'll be no sleeping at the fort. So we'll let the thing stand."

"You believe all this poppy-cock, chief?" said Lazenby to the factor, but laughing in Shon's face the while.

The factor gravely replied: "I knew

of the Tall Master years ago on the Far-Off Metal River; and, though I never saw him, I can believe these things — and more. You do not know this world through and through, Lazenby; you have much to learn."

Pierre said nothing. He took the cards from Shon and passed them to and fro in his hand. Mechanically he dealt them out, and as mechanically they took them up and in silence began to play.

The next day there was commotion and excitement at Fort Luke. The Golden Dogs were making preparations for the battle. Pow-wow followed pow-wow, and paint and feathers followed all. The H.B.C. people had little to do but look to their guns and house everything within the walls of the fort.

At night Shon, Pierre, and Lazenby were sitting about the table in the common-room, the cards lying dealt before them, waiting for the factor to come. Presently the door opened, and the factor entered, followed by another. Shon and Pierre sprang to their feet.

"The Tall Master," said Shon, with a kind of awe; and then stood still.

Their towering visitor slowly unloosed something beneath his arm, and laid it on the table, dropping his compass-like fingers softly on it. He bowed gravely to each; but the bow seemed grotesque, his body was so ungainly. With the eyes of all drawn to him, he spoke in a low, sonorous tone: "I have followed the traveller fast" — his hand lifted gently towards Shon — "for there are weighty concerns abroad, and I have things to say and do before I go again to my people — and beyond. I have hungered for the face of a white man these many years, and his was the first I saw" — again he tossed a long finger towards the Irishman — "and it brought back many things. I remember —"

He paused, sat down; they all did the same. He looked at them one by one with distant kindness. "I remember," he continued, and his strangely articulated fingers folded about the thing on the table beside him, "when" — here the cards caught his eye. His

face underwent a change. An eager, fantastic look shot from his eye — "when I gambled this way at Lucca" — his hand drew the bundle closer to him — "but when I won it back again — at a price!" he gloomily added, glancing sideways as to some one at his elbow.

He remained, his eyes very intent for a moment; then he recollected himself, and continued: "I became wiser; I never risked it again; but I loved the game always. I was a gamester from the start — the artist is always so when he is greatest — like nature herself. And once, years after, I played with a mother for her child — and mine. And yet once again at Parma with" — here he paused, throwing that sharp, side-long glance — "with the greatest gamester, for the infinite secret of art; and I won it; but I paid the price. I should like to play now."

He reached his hand, drew up five cards, and ran his eye through them. "Play," he said. "The hand is good — very good. Once when I played with the princess — but it is no matter; and Tuscany is far away! — Play!" he repeated.

Pierre instantly picked up the cards, with an air of cool satisfaction. He had either found the perfect gamester or the perfect liar. He knew the remedy for either.

The factor did not move. Shon and Lazenby followed Pierre's action. By their positions Lazenby became his partner. They played in silence for a minute, the Tall Master taking all. "Napoleon was an excellent player; but he lost with me," he said slowly, as he played a card upon three others and took them.

Lazenby was so taken aback by this remark that, presently, he trumped his partner's ace, and was rewarded by a talon-like look from the Tall Master's eye; but it was immediately followed by one of saturnine amusement.

They played on silently.

"Ah, you are a wonderful player!" he presently said to Pierre, with a look of keen scrutiny. "Come, I will play with you — for values — the first time in seventy-five years; then, no more!"

Lazenby and Shon drew away beside the factor. The two played. Meanwhile Lazenby said to Shon: "The man's mad. He talks about Napoleon as if he'd known him — as if it wasn't three-fourths of a century ago. Does he think we're all born idiots? Why, he's not over sixty years old now. But where the deuce did he come from with that Italian face? And the funniest part of it is, he reminds me of some one. Did you notice how he limped — the awkward beggar!"

Lazenby had unconsciously lifted his voice, and presently the Tall Master turned and said to him: "I ran a nail into my foot at Leyden seventy-odd years ago."

"He's the devil himself," rejoined Lazenby, and he did not lower his voice.

"Many with angelic gifts are children of his Dark Majesty," said the Tall Master slowly; and though he appeared closely occupied with the game, a look of vague sadness came into his face.

For a half-hour they played in silence — the slight, delicate-featured half-breed, and the mysterious man who had for so long been a thing of wonder in the North, a weird influence among the Indians.

There was a strange, cold fierceness in the Tall Master's face. He now staked his precious bundle against the one thing Pierre prized — the gold watch received years ago for a deed of heroism on the Chaudière. The half-breed had always spoken of it as amusing; but Shon at least knew that to Pierre it was worth his right hand.

Both men drew breath slowly, and their eyes were hard. The stillness became painful; all were possessed by the grim spirit of Chance. The Tall Master won. He came to his feet, his shambling body drawn together to a height. Pierre also rose. Their looks clinched. Pierre stretched out his hand, "You are my master at this," he said.

The other smiled sadly. "I have played for the last time. I have not forgotten how to win. If I had lost, uncommon things had happened.

This"—he laid his hand on the bundle and gently undid it—"is my oldest friend, since the warm days at Parma—all dead—all dead." Out of the velvet wrapping, broided with royal and ducal arms, and rounded by a wreath of violets—which the chief factor looked at closely—he drew his violin. He lifted it reverently to his lips.

"My good Garnerius!" he said. "Three masters played you; but I am chief of them all. They had the classic soul; but I the romantic heart—*les grandes caprices*." His head lifted higher. "I am the master artist of the world. I have found the core of Nature. Here in the North is the wonderful soul of things. Beyond this, far beyond, where the foolish think is only inviolate ice, is the first song of the ages, and a very pleasant land. I am the lost Master, and I shall return, I shall return—but not yet—not yet."

He fetched the instrument to his chin with a noble pride. The ugliness of his face was almost beautiful now.

The factor looked on him with bewilderment; the factor was trying to remember something; his mind went feeling, he knew not why, for a certain day, a quarter of a century before, when he unpacked a box of books and papers from England. Most of them were still in the fort. The association of this man with these things fretted him.

The Tall Master swung his bow upwards; but at that instant there came a knock, and, in response to a call, Wind Driver and Wine Face entered. Wine Face was certainly a beautiful girl; and Lazenby might well have been pardoned for throwing in his fate with such a heathen, if he despaired of ever seeing England again. The Tall Master did not turn towards these. The Indians sat gracefully on a bearskin before the fire. The eyes of the girl were cast shyly upon the man as he stood there unlike an ordinary being—in his face a fine hardness and the cold light of the North. He suddenly tipped his bow upward and brought it down with a most delicate crash upon the strings. Then softly, slowly, he passed into

a weird fantasy. The Indians sat breathless. Upon them it acted more impressively than upon the others; besides, the player's eye was searching them now; he was playing into their very bodies. And they responded with some swift shocks of recognition crossing their faces. Suddenly the old Indian sprang up. He thrust his arms out, and made, as if unconsciously, some fantastic yet solemn motions. The player smiled in a far-off fashion, and presently ran the bow upon the strings in an exquisite cry; and then a beautiful avalanche of sound slid from a distance, growing nearer and nearer, till it swept through the room, and embedded all in its sweetness.

At this the old Indian threw himself forward at the player's feet. "It is the song of the White Weaver, the maker of the world—the music from the Hills of the Mighty Men. I knew it—I knew it—but never like that. It was lost to the world; the wild cry of the lofty stars." His face was wet.

The girl, too, had risen. She came forward as if in a dream, and reverently touched the arm of the player, who paused now, and was looking at them from under his long eyelashes. She spoke whisperingly: "Are you a spirit? Do you come from the Hills of the Mighty Men?"

He answered gravely: "I am no spirit. But I have journeyed in the Hills of the Mighty Men and along their ancient hunting-grounds. This that I have played is the ancient music of the world—of Jubal and his comrades. It comes humming from the Poles; it rides laughing down the planets; it trembles through the snow; it gives joy to the bones of the wind. And I am the voice of It," he added; and he drew up his loose, unmanageable body till it looked enormous, firm, and dominant.

The girl's fingers ran softly over to his breast. "I will follow you," she said, "when you go again to the Happy Valleys."

Down from his brow there came a faint hue of color, and, for a breath, his eyes closed tenderly with hers. But

he straightway gathered back his look again; his body shrank, not rudely, from her fingers; and he absently said: "I am old—in years the father of the world. It is a man's life gone since, at Genoa, *she* laid her fingers on my breast like that. These things can be no more—until the North hath its summer again; and I stand young—the Master—upon the high summits of renown."

The girl drew slowly back. Lazenby was muttering under his breath now; he was overwhelmed by this change in Wine Face. He had been impressed to awe by the Tall Master's music; but he was piqued, and determined not to give in easily. He said sneeringly that Maskelyne and Cooke in music had come to life, and suggested a snake-dance.

The Tall Master heard these things, and immediately he turned to Lazenby with an angry look on his face. His brows hung heavily over the dull fire of his eyes; his hair itself seemed like Medusa's, just quivering into savage life; the fingers spread out white and claw-like upon the strings as he curved his violin to his chin, whereof it became, as it were, a piece. The bow shot out and down upon the instrument with a painful clangor. There eddied into a vast arena of sound the prodigious elements of war. Torture rose from those four immeasurable cords; a dreadful dance of death supervened.

Through the chief factor's mind there flashed—though mechanically, and only to be remembered afterwards—the words of a schoolday poem. It shuttled in and out of the music:—

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud;
And call the brave to bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

The face of the player grew old and drawn. The skin was wrinkled, but shone; the hair spread white, the nose almost met the chin, the mouth was all malice. It was old age with vast power; conquest volleyed from the fingers.

Shon McGann whispered *aves*, aching with the noise; the factor shuddered

to his feet; Lazenby winced and drew back to the wall, putting his hand before his face as though the sounds were striking him; the old Indian covered his head with his blanket upon the floor. Wine Face knelt, her face all grey, her fingers lacing and interlacing with pain. Only Pierre sat with masterful stillness, his eyes never moving from the face of the player; his arms folded; his feet firmly wedded to the floor. The sound became strangely distressing. It shocked the flesh and angered the nerves. Upon Lazenby it acted singularly. He cowered from it; but soon, with a look of madness in his eyes, he rushed forward, arms outstretched, as if to seize the intolerable minstrel. There was a sudden pause in the playing; then the room shook with noise, buffeting Lazenby into stillness. But the sounds changed instantly again, and music of great sweetness and delight fell about them as in silver drops—an enchanting lyric of love. Its inexpressible tenderness subdued Lazenby, who but now had had a heart for slaughter. He dropped on his knees, threw his head into his arms, and sobbed. The Tall Master's fingers crept caressingly along one of those heavenly veins of sound, his bow poisoning softly over it.

The farthest star seemed singing.

At dawn the next day the Golden Dogs were gathered for war before the fort. Immediately after the sun rose, the foe were seen gliding darkly out of the horizon. From another direction came two travellers. These also saw the White Hands bearing upon the fort, and hurried forward. They reached the gates of the fort in good time, and were welcomed. One was a chief trader from a fort in the west. He was an old man, and had been many years in the service of the H.B.C.; and, like Lazenby had spent his early days in London, a *connoisseur* in all its pleasures. The other was a *voyageur*. They had posted on quickly to bring news of this crusade of the White Hands.

The hostile Indians came steadily to within a few hundred yards of the

Golden Dogs. Then they sent a brave to say that they had no quarrel with the people of the fort; and that if the Golden Dogs came on they would battle with them alone, since the time had come for "one to be as both," as their medicine men had been declaring from the days of the Great Race. And this signified that one should destroy the other.

At this all the Golden Dogs ranged into line. The sun shone brightly, the long hedge of pine woods in the distance caught the color of the sky, the flowers of the plains showed handsomely as a carpet of war. The bodies of the fighters glistened. You could see the rise and fall of their bare, strenuous chests. They stood as their forefathers in battle, almost naked, with crested heads, gleaming axe, scalp-knife, and bows and arrows. At first there was the threatening rustle of preparation; then a great stillness came and stayed for a moment; after which, all at once, there sped through the air a big shout of battle, and the innumerable *twang* of flying arrows; and the opposing hosts ran upon each other.

Pierre and Shon McGann, watching from the fort, cried out with excitement.

"Divils me darlin'!" called Shon, "are we gluin' our eyes to a chink in the wall, whin the tangle of battle goes on beyand? Bedad, I'll not stand it! Look at them twistin' the neck o' war! Open the gates, open the gates! say I, and let us have play with our guns!"

"Hush! *Mon Dieu!*" interrupted Pierre. "Look! The Tall Master!"

None at the fort had seen the Tall Master since the night before. Now he was covering the space between the walls and the battle, his hair streaming behind him.

When he came near to the vortex of fight he raised his violin to his chin, and instantly a most sweet call penetrated the uproar. The call filled it, drained through it, wrapped it, overcame it; so that it sank away at last like the outwash of an exhausted tide. The weft of battle stayed unfinished in the loom.

Then from the Indian lodges came

the women and children. They drew near to the unearthly luxury of that call, now lilting with an unbounded joy. Battle-axes fell to the ground; the warriors quieted even where they stood locked with their foes. The Tall Master now drew away from them, facing the north and west. That ineffable call drew them after him with grave joy; and they brought their dead and wounded along. The women and children glided in among the men and followed. Presently one girl ran away from the rest and came close into the great leader's footsteps.

At that instant, Lazenby, from the wall of the fort, cried out madly, sprang down, opened the gates, and rushed towards the girl, crying, "Wine Face! Wine Face!"

She did not look behind. But he came close to her and caught her by the waist. "Come back! Come back! O my love, come back!" he urged; but she pushed him gently from her.

"Hush! Hush!" she said. "We are going to the Happy Valleys. Don't you hear him calling?"

And Lazenby fell back.

The Tall Master was now playing a wonderful thing, half dance, half carnival, but with that call still beating through it. They were passing the fort at an angle. All within issued forth to see. Suddenly the old trader who had come that morning started forward with a cry; then stood still. He caught the factor's arm; but he seemed unable to speak yet; his eyes were hard upon the player.

The procession passed the empty lodges, leaving the ground strewn with their weapons, and not one of their number stayed behind. They passed away towards the high hills of the north-west — beautiful austere barriers.

Still the trader gazed, and was pale, and trembled. They watched long. The throng of pilgrims grew a vague mass, no longer an army of individuals; and the music came floating back with distant charm. At last the old man found voice. "My God! it is —"

The factor touched his arm, inter-

rupting him, and drew a picture from his pocket—one but just now taken from that musty pile of books received so many years before. He showed it to the old man.

"Yes, yes," said the other; "that is he. And the world buried him forty years ago!"

Pierre, standing near, added with soft irony: "There are strange things in the world. He is a superb gamester—a grand comrade!"

The music came waving back upon them delicately; but the pilgrims were fading from view.

Soon the watchers were alone with the glowing day.

GILBERT PARKER.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A FRENCH COLONY.

WHEN Francis the First heard that the pope had granted to Spain all of the New World which she could discover by sailing west, and to Portugal all newly found territories in the east, he exclaimed, "Where is the testament of my father Adam which cuts me off from a share in this heritage?" Not long before, Henry the Seventh was quietly recording in his ledger the donation "to him that found the New Isle"—Sebastian Cabot. Papal fiefs to Spain and Portugal, a point of honor for France, a mixture of viking and merchant in England, such beginnings do not ill represent the tendencies of the four great nations in question.

Nearly four hundred years have passed away, and the powers of Europe are yet occupied with the game of empire-winning in Asia and Africa. In the Pacific Ocean the England of the Tudors is now trebly represented. The mother country and two of her daughters hold powerful hands. Australia still banks with her parent, but America prefers a separate state. France has discovered many legacies in the will of her progenitor, and to one of these our good fortune lately introduced us.

Probably to many minds in Europe

the name of New Caledonia represents an arid settlement where wretched convicts drag out a weary existence under the supervision of hard-hearted gaolers until death or an hair-breadth escape puts a term to their misery. Any who hold such opinions would be quickly disabused if they could arrive, as we did, in the port of Noumea early on a July morning. July in the southern hemisphere answers to a northern January, but few January days in Europe would dawn with such a golden sun shining on such a sapphire sea. The port of Noumea is a double harbor, so enclosed by dented shores and lovely islands as to recall two lakes opening into each other. The western portion is not at present serviceable, as it is separated from the other by a shoal; but the governor hopes in time to cut a channel, and to bring it into use for a roadstead and graving docks. Meantime the eastern harbor offers secure anchorage for men-of-war and large merchant vessels, and is not only safe but highly picturesque. Having passed the outlying barrier of coral reefs, you enter the port, steaming between the promontory on which the town of Noumea is built and the Ile Nou which forms a bulwark against all southern storms. The entrance is further defended by a small island on which are quartered *les hommes terribles*, incorrigible criminals of whom justice has no hope.

The low-lying ground immediately surrounding the water is covered by vegetation of many vivid greens; in the middle distance are low hills and mounds, where the red soil glows through shrubs and groves of oranges and palms, and behind rise blue and purple mountains, some bold and cone-topped, others with soft, rounded curves, and one, the Mont d'Or, so called from the golden hues which it assumes as its sunset robe.

The town of Noumea does not present any striking peculiarities. Several streets cutting each other at right angles, and the Place des Cocotiers, lie on the flat ground just beyond the quay. The shops and private houses are rather

low, with verandahs and corrugated iron roofs, but many of the dwellings possess pretty gardens full of roses, geraniums, bougainvilleas, and fruit trees. The infantry and artillery barracks, hospital and public schools stand on higher ground, as does the cathedral, a fine building occupying a commanding site. When its two spires are complete it will form a worthy memorial of the work done by the Roman Catholic missionaries, the pioneers of France in New Caledonia. Its interior is enriched by an elaborately carved pulpit of kaori, acacia, and other native woods, and by an altar constructed of a remarkable monolith resembling grey marble. A Protestant church is also in course of erection. Our landing at Noumea was not unattended with difficulty. A few cases of small-pox had occurred at Sydney, introduced by a recent passenger ship, and New Caledonia enjoying, like Australia, a general immunity from this malady, the health officers are very chary of admitting passengers from an infected port. On the other hand, the French officials were courteously eager to extend a hospitable welcome to the first Australian governor who had visited their island. A compromise was ultimately effected; our fellow-passengers had to spend the night on the quarantine island, the Ile de Freycinet, and we were detained in our very comfortable quarters on board the Armand Béhic till the following morning, when all were released.

We whiled away the afternoon by a scramble on the said quarantine island, a very pretty spot with a beach entirely covered with pieces of white coral, washed up from the reefs around. Early on the morning of the 13th of July we landed to much booming of cannon, each shot fired eliciting a shout of delight from the aborigines, who, like natives of other islands in the South Pacific, are called Kanakas.

The whole town was gaily decorated in preparation for the national fête of the republic, due next day. After a kindly reception by the mayor, M. Sauvau, an old and respected resident, and by the municipal council, we drove to

Government House and became the guests of the deservedly popular governor, M. Laffon.

New Caledonia, originally found by that universal discoverer Captain Cook, was formally annexed by the French in September, 1853, French missionaries having established themselves in the country about ten years before. Not much was done in the way of colonization till after another decade, when it was definitely decided to send out convicts, and the first batch arrived in May, 1864. Last year the number of those undergoing sentence was over six thousand; to these should be added between five and six thousand *libérés* — that is to say, convicts who have completed their terms of penal servitude, but of whom by far the larger number are compelled by law to reside in New Caledonia, either for a term equal to that of their former sentence, or permanently if they were originally condemned to a punishment of not less than eight years' duration. The *libérés* thus *astreints à la résidence* are, of course, under strict supervision, and are only by special favor allowed to live in the capital. The free inhabitants, including over seventeen hundred troops, may be estimated at something under ten thousand. There are about forty thousand Kanakas in New Caledonia and in the dependent Loyalty Islands, but, as in the case of other aboriginal races, the native population rapidly diminishes when brought into contact with civilization.

The governor is assisted by a Privy Council, consisting of the director of the interior, the heads of the naval, military, and judicial departments, the director of the convict settlement, and two or three others. In 1885 a popular element was added to the constitution by the creation of a Conseil Général, composed of a president and sixteen members elected by universal suffrage. This council has a good deal to say with regard to the levying of taxes for interior improvements and similar matters, but absolute home rule has not been conceded to New Caledonia.

Government House resembles one of

the larger and more imposing villas which one finds on the Riviera. It contains two or three good reception-rooms, with prettily panelled walls and parquet floors; a broad verandah at once shades these rooms from the tropical sun and adds considerably to their powers of accommodating the governor's numerous guests.

After many introductions to the principal inhabitants of Noumea, and an excellent breakfast, we drove with the governor and Madame Gauharou, the charming wife of the minister of the interior, to the races, which took place at a short distance from the town. Needless to say that the Australian contingent takes its full share in this amusement. From the grand stand, a structure of moderate size, we had a good view of the motley elements constituting a Noumean crowd—French, Australians, Kanakas, with as much scarlet in their garments as they could conveniently procure, Arabs wrapped in white bornouses, and, prominent in place, the native police, mostly in blue jackets and scarlet turbans, but invariably displaying their insignia of office, cock's feathers and brass badges. The paddock and stabling could not have been very costly to erect, as they consisted of a path in the bushes with a few railed-in spaces for the horses; but every one seemed in high glee, and the proceedings were enlivened by the music of a good band selected from amongst the better-behaved convicts. The most exciting race was won by a horse belonging to an Australian resident, whose own son, a boy of thirteen, acted as jockey, and was much applauded on coming in victor.

After the races we drove to the governor's country house, a cottage near a little bay called L'Anse Vata. Here society adjourns to play lawn tennis in the pretty grounds, where an avenue of cocoanut-palms forms a striking feature. These palms are indigenous in the northern and hotter part of the island, whence they are brought to ornament the pleasure grounds and suburbs of Noumea, where their feathery crests tower above the clustering shrubs and

smaller trees around them. The tree which we saw growing most freely, and which is said to conduce to the salubrity of the climate, is the *niaouli* (the Australian tea-tree), a species of *mela-leuca* bearing white flowers and strongly aromatic leaves, which yield an essential oil. It resembles a small-leaved eucalyptus in appearance, and sheds its bark in like manner. There are also several varieties of hibiscus, particularly one with rich green leaves and a yellow flower, called the *bourao*, from the inner bark of which hemp is obtained. Nor must the spreading Madagascan flamboyant, a kind of acacia with graceful foliage and radiant scarlet flowers, be forgotten, for it adds largely to the attractions of the boulevards and gardens of the town. Everywhere, too, climbs the bignonia or liane, twining its orange garlands over walls and verandahs in the luxuriant profusion only found in those happy climes where nature does half the work which in colder regions is demanded of man. As to peaches, bananas, costard apples, mangoes, and the delicious cultivated variety of the last named here called mangues, they are too plentiful to notice. Orange flowers and green and ripe oranges are found growing together on the same tree all the year round. I was told that six trees in the Government House gardens produced in one year seven thousand oranges. As my informant would not vouch for their having been actually counted, the statement can only be taken as giving some idea of their abundance. Grapes are cultivated, but wine is not made to any great extent.

In one of our drives past some low ground partially submerged by the sea our attention was attracted by a thicket of strange-looking shrubs, growing with their roots so erect and uncovered that the trunks appeared to be supported in the air on piles of sticks. They were a kind of mangrove called *palétuvier*, and round these curious roots oysters cluster plentifully. Such trees reclaim ground from the sea by steadily advancing their roots, and ultimately by sending fresh ones down from their branches to take possession of the swampy soil below.

They are, moreover, useful both to tanners and dyers. In animal life New Caledonia was by no means naturally prolific. Like New Zealand she cannot lay claim to any indigenous quadruped. Her only attempt at such an animal is a small wild boar something like a peccary, but sceptics assert that even this is descended from the domestic pig turned loose by some former voyager. Parrots, pigeons, and ducks abound, also one distinctive representative of the animal kingdom in the form of a gigantic bat or vampire. This is a favorite food with the Kanakas, who further utilize its skin to make a cord with which they fasten stone heads to their weapons, and on which they string beads or shells for necklaces. Horses and cows have been imported from Australia, and thrive in their adopted home; the horses now bred on the island, though strong, are somewhat smaller than their Australian sires. Sheep cannot be reared without grave difficulty, as a kind of thorn called spear grass gets into their wool, and, working its way through the skin, ultimately causes death. Red deer have been introduced by the Europeans, and have multiplied to such an extent as to become a nuisance. On the whole it seems fortunate that the islands of the Pacific knew few mammalia before the advent of man, for reproduction is so rapid in these regions that, unless they had destroyed each other, the animals would have left little space or sustenance for human beings.

The fact that, save for cooking, chimneys are unknown in Noumea proves the mildness of the climate. Though hot it is not considered unhealthy, and the inhabitants can hardly suffer much during the summer season, as they have not as yet attempted to form any mountain sanatorium.

The 14th of July was inaugurated by a review of the infantry and artillery quartered at Noumea, but the weather greatly interfered with the remaining festivities of the day. We visited the barracks and admired the taste with which the soldiers had decorated their various mess-rooms; flowers and ever-

greens were freely used, and men possessed of artistic genius had enlivened the whitewashed walls with patriotic sentiments and designs. Colonists were formerly exempt from conscription, but Frenchmen born in New Caledonia are now liable to serve for one year with the regiment stationed there.

Government House was thrown open in the evening for a public ball, when all the civil functionaries, naval and military officers, and other notabilities paid their respects to the governor, and we had the opportunity of remarking how the ladies of France carried their taste in dress even to this remote corner of the world. Among those present was the Prince d'Anjouan, a good-looking youth of Asiatic type, who, together with his brother-in-law and another young relative, had been conveyed to New Caledonia from the Comoro Islands in the neighborhood of Madagascar. The young gentlemen had been involved in some insurrection, but it appears more than doubtful whether they had not found themselves in the wrong camp by mistake, and are not rather the friends than the enemies of France. At all events they are so regarded by the present governor, and are enjoying a pleasant visit to this portion of the French dominions, with the hope of speedy restoration to their native country. A distinctly local color was given to the entertainment by the occurrence of a pilou-pilou, or native dance, amidst the quadrilles and lancers of Europe. The company adjourned to the verandah, and men holding torches stood round the open space in front. The Kanakas were assembled according to their tribes; each party came forward in turn, and, arranging themselves in rows like girls in a ballet, proceeded to execute a variety of figures, swinging their weapons and swaying their bodies to and fro with a rhythmical motion, and keeping perfect time together without any other accompaniment than a clicking sound made with their mouths. They became immensely excited by their own exertions, and one little Kanaka amused us extremely, as, whatever part of the figure was in progress,

he never ceased to move every muscle of his face and body. One of the most spirited dances was that executed by the native police. It included a figure in which the ground was swept in unison with branches of shrubs. To this the ladies objected, for, as the downpour of rain continued without intermission, the result was the introduction into the performance of little fountains of mud. On being requested to drop the boughs, the performers produced pocket-handkerchiefs from some receptacle in their scanty attire and used them as substitutes. The garments were a piece of colored cloth or kilt reaching from the waist to the knee, with in some cases the addition of a loose shirt or jacket. The chiefs who stood in the background, rejoiced in braided coats and European trousers, and when the dancing was over they were introduced and shook hands with us. In conclusion one of the men brought me as a present the arms which they had used in the pilou.

We visited two Kanaka villages, called respectively Conception and St. Louis, and entirely inhabited by native Roman Catholics. The aboriginal belief of the Kanakas can hardly be dignified by the name of a religion, being little more than a superstitious regard for the spirits of the dead, whom they imagine to be transformed into malevolent demons. When any one dies his near relatives envelop their thick, woolly locks in a cap, which must not be removed for two years. The frizzly hair continues to grow, and makes the cap stick out like a balloon, but that is a matter of indifference. Under ordinary circumstances the short curls, which are extraordinarily plentiful, are ornamented by a long-toothed, wooden comb. The dead must further be propitiated by gifts of yams, taros, and such-like dainties, placed upon their tombs. The *takatas*, or medicine men, who evidently are of the same race as the priests of Bel commemorated in the Apocrypha, inform the pious offerers that the departed come and eat this food in the night, and no Daniel has as yet strewn the tell-tale ashes on the

ground. These *takatas* are supposed to be capable of regulating the weather. One of great repute was, together with others of his countrymen, taken to Paris at the time of the last Exhibition. It was suggested to him that he should ensure fine weather for the visit of President Carnot, and the day proving unfavorable he was taxed with failure. Quite unmoved, he retorted that his method was excellent for New Caledonia, but unsuited to Paris. To bid the evil spirits avaunt rags are tied on posts outside the houses, and all the common actions of life are accompanied by ceremonies of exorcism. Polygamy, being expensive, is mainly confined to the chiefs and their near kinsmen. Cannibalism formerly prevailed, and even as late as the native rising of 1878 several colonists were murdered and eaten by the Kanakas, but the custom now appears to be entirely abandoned. The natives are bright brown in color and remarkably lively in expression. Their food is chiefly vegetable, consisting of bananas, sugarcane, maize, yams, and other roots; but they also catch and eat fish, birds, native pigs, and, as before mentioned, vampires. Though incapable of sustained exertion they are by no means bad agriculturists, and the first European settlers were astonished by the perfection of their irrigation works. In many parts of the mountainous country they had planted their vegetables in terraces, and conducted water from the summits of the hills by a carefully arranged system of channels winding round and round the little patches of land which they had thus reclaimed from the bush. The French government reserves land for their use which is described as so fertile that three months' toil will afford the Kanaka enough for his year's needs. The chiefs are recognized, the liquor traffic is forbidden, and, speaking generally, native interests appear to be safeguarded with paternal care. Kanaka houses are curious little constructions of bark and reeds, the typical ones being quite round with conical roofs, rather like overgrown bee-hives. Those belonging to the chiefs have great black

wooden figures on either side of the doorway, and a much smaller figure stands over the entrance. On the very top is a wooden spire ornamented with shells and cock's feathers. The entrance has no door, and serves as an outlet for the smoke of the fire which is kindled on the earthen floor inside. The furniture, as far as we could see in the windowless darkness, consisted of a few mats and clay pots, and in exceptional cases of a wooden stool or framework of some description. Nevertheless, fastened to a post in one such hut we found a brass crucifix, and on a stool below it two or three mass books. Some of the houses have made astonishing strides in civilization, as witness one which possessed a blue door with a crystal handle, and pasted outside the door a colored print of a horse and man. Hard by the village of Conception lay one or two boats; these are made of trunks of trees hollowed out by fire, with planks fastened across, and with a small log to act as a balance held away from one side by two rounded pieces of wood, after the fashion of the catamarans of Ceylon and southern India.

Most remarkable, however, is the model village of St. Louis, where resides Monseigneur Frayse, Bishop of Abila and Vicar Apostolic of New Caledonia and the New Hebrides. The heavy rain prevented us from seeing this delightful spot to advantage, but the running stream with its rustic bridge, the avenues of orange-trees, palms, and roses, the neat rows of native houses, each in a garden of variegated shrubs and flowers, the whole half hidden in the side of a hill, recalled a village in a fairy-tale suddenly summoned from the earth by an enchanter's wand. On the hill above rise the church and the bishop's house, commanding a view of the property of the mission, which includes schools for native boys and girls, sugar and saw mills, and a rum distillery!

The courteous and well-informed bishop said that he estimated the Roman Catholic natives of New Caledonia at about a third of the aboriginal population. He considers that Christianity

has a genuine effect upon their lives, as giving them the distinct notions of right and wrong, of which they were previously ignorant. As he put it, in those simple minds "faith grows more rapidly than reason." No one can refrain from paying a tribute of admiration to the devoted missionaries who have for over forty years worked among these savages, always at the risk, often at the sacrifice, of their lives. These French missionaries have cut themselves off from home life and ties, they have gone without question wherever sent, and several among them have seen a large part of the work undertaken accomplished, and are simply awaiting the summons not to home but to another world. I believe that all the native Christians of New Caledonia proper are Roman Catholics, but in the Loyalty Islands, which are the most thickly populated in proportion to their size, the large majority are Protestants. These islands are about a hundred miles from the mainland. The inhabitants are all Christians; they are superior in intelligence, and, contrary to the general rule, are increasing in numbers.

The variety of languages among the natives of New Caledonia and the adjoining islands is remarkable, and has added considerably to the labors of the missionaries. I was told that as many as fifty different dialects are extant, so various in construction that members of one tribe are constantly unable to understand those of another. Before leaving Noumea we paid a lengthened visit to the convict prison on the Ile Nou. This was a matter of some difficulty, as the stormy weather had rendered even the harbor rough enough to be very unpleasant for our man-of-war boat, attached as it was to a steam tug. However, our days were numbered, and we could not leave without inspecting the establishment by which New Caledonia is best known to the outer world. The convicts are divided into five classes, and on first arrival are all placed in the lowest. Their promotion depends entirely on their good behavior. After a period of probation within the

prison precincts they are employed on public works, which to a well-disposed man is a more agreeable sphere, as affording change of air and scene. When they reach the first and second classes they may be assigned as workmen or servants to the free colonists, part of their wages being paid over to them, and part devoted to expenses incurred on their behalf. As the prison on the Ile Nou is the dépôt at which convicts are received on landing, it also serves as a place of detention for those not yet promoted, and almost all the men whom we saw were still in the lowest category. The first object which met the eye was the spot on which the guillotine is erected for executions. The judicial power over all undergoing sentence of transportation in New Caledonia, formerly vested in courts-martial, is now confided to the Tribunal Maritime Spécial, composed of certain naval officers of specified rank, together with representatives of the penitentiary administration. The governor nominates the individual members, and the confirmation, modification, or remission of the sentences passed lies in his hands. Libérés are subject to the ordinary tribunals. When a convict is beheaded all the others confined in the prison are brought out, and kneel around to witness the execution.

Each *surveillant*, or French warder, is assisted by two or three of the Kanaka police. These men are not allowed, as a rule, to touch white people, except under the direct supervision of their European officers, but if a criminal runs away it is their duty to pursue him. He might as well be followed by bloodhounds. They run with unflagging speed, and when they come up with their quarry they knock him on the head, half kill him with blows, tie him hand and foot, and having slung him on a pole, two of them carry him back in triumph. The threat to let loose the Kanaka police is very efficacious in preventing attempts to escape.

In one of the first yards which we entered we were confronted by a number of iron gates, which on being opened disclosed long, bare rooms with

rows of narrow beds on either side. Here were confined in common closely cropped and shaven men, dressed in dust-colored cotton jackets and trousers, and, for the most part, with the vacant stare denoting a low order of intelligence. These men are employed in work required in the interior of the prison. Others, of somewhat higher grade, are cooks, or occupied in agricultural work on the island. The food, which we saw in course of preparation, consists of bread, meat, soup, and vegetables, and a good deal of rice. It appears to be sufficiently plentiful and nutritious, though the small wooden buckets in which it is served out are not very attractive. From the common prisons we were taken to the cellular department, a painful but necessary part of the arrangements, since corporal punishment is totally abolished. The cells are small, dark chambers, lighted from above, and with heavily barred doors. Two were opened for our inspection, and in one was a fine, strong young man, who, when he stood up, seemed almost to fill the narrow room. He was originally sentenced to transportation for recklessly firing at people with a revolver, and killing at least one of them. While undergoing the penalty he again became violent and bit a warder, for which he was condemned to death; but this decree was commuted to seven years' confinement in the cells. Here he had to pass the whole of his days alone, except for half an hour twice in the twenty-four hours, when he was brought out for exercise in a tiny enclosed space, where he was marched round and round with companions in misfortune, to whom he was rigidly forbidden to speak. Strictly, he ought to have been exercised alone, but it is practically impossible to supply guards for the purpose of giving each man his daily walk in solitude. Of course he was a great criminal; still, it was impossible to hear unmoved his plea to the governor to either permit him to share occasionally in the internal work of the prison outside his cell, or else to let the sentence of death be executed upon him and thus to terminate his misery.

A considerable number of convicts were being treated in the hospital, a large and airy range of buildings on higher ground than the prison. Fever, rheumatism, neuralgia, and accidents occurring in the course of daily labor account for most of the cases, but many men injure themselves, cutting off fingers and putting out eyes to escape their compulsory tasks. The sisters in charge pointed out to us one man who, cured of a broken arm, had deliberately fallen out of bed and broken it again, in order to remain in hospital.

Finally we visited the lunatics, and here were some of the most pitiful cases, notably that of a celebrated lawyer of Lyons, transported for having killed a man with whose sister he was in love, and who had tried to prevent the marriage. The superior refinement of this poor fellow's features, and the agonized expression which told how keenly felt degradation had finally overthrown his reason, cannot easily be forgotten. No one could doubt the humane treatment of the prisoners and the good order preserved on the whole, but a mass of criminals congregated together can never excite other than painful feelings.

The *récidivistes*, so often mentioned in international discussions, are habitual criminals who, by a law passed in 1885, are liable to *relégation*, or perpetual residence in French colonial possessions. This *relégation* can only be cancelled under very exceptional circumstances, such as when the *récidiviste* has rendered special services to the colony allotted to him as his abode. The original proposal of the French government to send *récidivistes* to New Caledonia was warmly opposed by New South Wales and Queensland, who feared that the partial freedom to be accorded to these settlers would facilitate their intrusion into Australia.

The *récidivistes* are now divided into two classes, the "individual" and the "collective." The individual *récidiviste* is one who, having satisfied the authorities as to his present good conduct and means of earning an honest livelihood, is permitted to reside where

he pleases within the limits of the colony, under certain conditions as to surveillance, and is subject to the ordinary tribunals. Those, on the contrary, who are condemned to *relégation collective* are kept together in a sort of reformatory settlement, where they are obliged to work, and are under a special jurisdiction. If particularly well-conducted, a member of the *relégation collective* may be promoted to *relégation individuelle*.

The Ile des Pins, situated about forty-four miles to the south-east of New Caledonia, was selected in 1872 as the place of detention for the Communists, with the exception of some of the superior political prisoners such as Henri Rochefort and Louise Michel. These resided near the capital, where the latter gave music lessons and is still remembered for her charity. The amnesty of 1880, however, almost depopulated the Ile des Pins, and it is now appropriated to the *relégués collectifs*. Last year nearly twelve hundred male and one hundred and eighty-seven female *récidivistes* were interned there. The men are employed on public works, and the women are under the charge of sisters. If the sisters find that one of the women committed to their care, whether *récidiviste* or, I believe, ordinary criminal, is a promising subject, they inform the authorities and ask them to look out for a suitable husband among the male convicts showing a tendency to reformation. The bridegroom selected is allowed to pay his addresses under the chaperonage of the worthy nuns, and, if his suit is successful, the hopeful pair are married, and generally provided with a little land as a start in life. The law, however, does not abandon its interest in their domestic concerns. If children appear in the household they are taken away from the parents when four or five years old, and placed in institutions where they receive due religious and social training. The parents are permitted to visit them, and after some years to remove them, if they repay to the State all the money expended meanwhile on their education. This condition renders the privilege of

withdrawal practically nugatory. The children are said to turn out well, and one can only hope that the parents are philosophical enough to balance the future advantage of their offspring against the present pangs of separation. Women transported for infanticide are found to make the best mothers. The limited time at our disposal unfortunately prevented our visiting the mines, wherein consist the real riches of New Caledonia. Coal, cobalt, chrome, and silver lead ore are worked, and, above all, nickel, of which in 1890 over twenty-two thousand six hundred tons were exported from the colony. The nickel is said to be of excellent quality, and, as up to the present time the mines are worked from the surface, it is obtainable without undue expense. One franc a year per hectare is paid for permission to prospect, and a further three francs for concession of freehold; but the questions of royalties on output payable to the government, and of dead rent for unworked holdings, are still unsettled, and when the law on these points is finally decided there will doubtless exist greater inducements for capitalists to invest freely than there can be while uncertainty prevails.

The government of New Caledonia is also anxious to obtain full powers to sell land; at present none can be alienated without sanction given in Paris, and the government of the republic does not like to remove this restriction, as if all territorial rights were parted with it would no longer have the means of extending its penitential settlements. Though the libérés are largely employed in the mines, and sometimes as servants to private masters, their presence is by no means appreciated by the free inhabitants, who have therefore not the slightest wish to facilitate further transportation.

Everything possible is done to promote free emigration. A party of agricultural colonists came out in our ship; they had received free passages, and on landing were to be settled in the interior, supplied with rations for six months, with tools, and with Kanaka labor to clear land for them. Families gener-

ally receive about twenty-five hectares of land, and begin by planting maize. It is not easy, however, to induce a Frenchman to establish himself so far from his native country; while his ingenuity and industry are great, he is essentially of a social disposition, and the hand-to-hand fight with a hitherto unknown nature, which has its attractions for many an Englishman, rather repels the lively Gaul.

Though land in the interior of New Caledonia is to be had almost for the asking, in the town of Noumea it is remarkably dear. Some was sold for fifteen francs a square metre during our stay, and as much as twenty-five francs a metre has been paid for favorable sites. Consequently house rent is very high.

Previous to our departure we attended the municipal ball in the large and well-arranged town hall, and there said farewell to our friends with much regret. Many of them accompanied us on board, and our boat was escorted by barges manned with Kanakas bearing torches, which had a very pretty effect. We carried away a store of pleasant recollections, and trust that Australia will continue to witness the prosperity of what our French friends aptly called "*sa jeune sœur la Nouvelle-Calédonie.*"

M. E. JERSEY.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE VERNEY MEMOIRS.¹

THERE are probably but few among our readers to whom at some time or other the fanciful wish has not presented itself, that it were possible to roll back the wheels of time for a little space, and to be transported into the midst of the men and women who played their part in some by-past interesting period of history. There is fascination in the thought of mingling unespied, like a spirit visitor from some other planet, in the life of a long-vanished generation, listening to the talk

¹ Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War. By Frances Parthenope Verney. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

by the fire, the mirth in the hall, watching the love-makings and the mournings that were over so long ago; noting quaint peculiarities of costume and manner, under which beat the unchanging human heart with pulses like our own; and observing with wonder how variously the actors in great historic events spoke and thought of those events while yet in progress.

A delightful dream, put aside with a sigh over its impossibility! But by the two brilliantly written volumes before us, "compiled from the letters and illustrated by the portraits" at Claydon House, Buckinghamshire, we find it in some ways more than realized. We do not merely see the personages of the "*Verney Memoirs*" as their contemporaries saw them. Fortunately for us, they and their friends were almost as unwearied letter-writers as if they had been characters in Richardson's novels; and the selections, judiciously made for us from the enormous mass of correspondence preserved by Sir Ralph Verney "one of those useful men who seem to regard every scrap of written paper as sacred," take us deep into the confidence of the writers, whose admirably reproduced portraits help yet more to the realization of their well-marked personalities. We can judge the motives of their conduct, and understand the mystery of their misapprehensions, as if we were reading of Sir Charles Grandison instead of Sir Ralph Verney, or of an impossible *Clarissa* instead of a very living *Mary Verney*.

What may justly be called the great historical value of these papers is heightened, because the Verneys of Claydon, who owned that manor for "fourteen generations, beginning with Sir Ralph, lord mayor of London in 1456, and M.P. for London in 1472," were but "an ordinary gentleman's family of the higher class, mixing a good deal in the politics of their times, with considerable county and local influence; members of Parliament, sheriffs, magistrates, soldiers—never placemen—marrying in their own degree, with no splendid talents or position to boast of, no crimes, noble or ignoble, to make

them notorious, and for that very reason good average specimens of hundreds of men and women of their age. Most of the work of the world is done by average men and women, and the personal records of the Verneys are not without a very general interest in the great history of the country."

Indeed, these "personal records" open for us a magical window into the England of the civil wars; we see through it minute details of the household, which do not obscure for us more massive and imposing transactions. We can overlook the strict nursery doings of the day, and see a grandmother pleading that a charming three-year-old boy shall not be "whipt" by any one but the tutor; we note the terrible surgical and medical proceedings, the blisterings, cuppings, bleedings, which slew so many young victims; we can see how the baby boy is arrayed in rich blue brocade, how the new-made widow is secluded in a mourning-chamber hung and draped heavily with black, to the very bed-curtains and quilt, and how her menfolk ride abroad with black saddles and bridles; and all the while we watch the great civil struggle as it wavers to and fro across the broad, historic landscape, as it passes into war, and as its baleful influence invades every department of private life, marrying the loves of maidens, the home comforts of wives and mothers, straitening the means of the wealthiest, and even bringing to naught the skill and thrift of the ablest housewives, whose well-ordered dwellings are too often thrown into "horrible confusion" by the quartering of soldiers of both parties on them, as well as by the enforced absences of their owners, which left moth and damp and rust free to do their worst.

It is a vivid and very attractive group of figures that occupies the foreground of the living, moving picture thus unveiled to us; and there is no great difficulty in singling out the most gracious and attractive among them. If the average men and women of the period are fairly represented by Sir Edmund Verney the Royalist, his son and heir

Ralph the Parliamentarian, and the two fair and noble ladies their wives—Margaret Denton, wedded to Sir Edmund, and Mary Blacknall, child-bride and admirable helpmeet of Sir Ralph—then the common level of thought and feeling and ability among the English country gentry of the day was most honorably high. But these form only the centre of a great circle of Dentons and Verneys and their friends and intimates, who, with the grand, historic personages now and then mingling with them, are of sufficiently mixed character, and have not always the same heroic and alluring grace about them.

There is most of the picturesque and romantic in the story of Sir Edmund the father—brave, cheerful, generous, dear to his very dependents for his sweet, considerate kindness; a splendid courtier and chivalrous gentleman, the confidant of his king and of many a stately lady; yet pure-hearted, simple in his tastes, never so happy as when at Claydon, looking to his farms and stables, his hedges and his hay, or aiding his sweet, wise, much-trusted wife in exercising the grand hospitality they both loved to show. This bright, joyous life has a stormy sunset, blood-red on black clouds of sorrow. The first woe comes when Margaret, the wife of his youth, fair, gentle, infinitely loved and love-worthy, fades out of life before the breaking out of the civil war—and only just before it; but darker troubles than this follow fast.

Companion of King Charles in boyhood and youth, in later life his knight marshal of the palace, his chosen standard-bearer in the civil war, Sir Edmund must cleave to his beloved master, though in his soul he thinks him mistaken. "I have eaten his bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him," says he to Mr. Hyde on the eve of Edgehill fight. Yet his sympathies are really with Ralph, who, sitting in Parliament as member for Aylesbury, is heart and soul with Hampden, that more famous Buckinghamshire squire. So, with despair in his soul, desiring

death lest he see the downfall of his sovereign or of his country, he goes into battle without even the protection of his buff suit, and there perishes, valiantly defending his sacred trust, the Standard. Legend says that it could not be captured without the severing of the loyal hand that grasped it even in death, and avers that a ring, the king's gift and containing his miniature, still to be seen at Claydon, was taken from the dead, dissevered hand when the banner was by stealth recovered from the enemy.

How vividly this heroic and pathetic figure would have come out on the glowing canvas of such a master painter as Sir Walter Scott! But it would need a subtler, more patient brush to render the finer lines and quieter hues of such a character as Ralph Verney's. A simple, steadfast man, religious after the Puritan fashion, business-like, punctual, very pacific in his tastes and temper, and unambitious of either heroism or martyrdom, he unwittingly achieves the one and comes but little short of attaining the other. He is "the champion of men and causes when they are unsuccessful; on the side of the Parliament when there is great danger in taking that line against the king; when his party are in the ascendant, and he thinks they are going too far, he turns, though moderately, to the side of Charles." Honor and conscience are to this home-loving, unwarlike country gentleman the masters whom he must needs follow, even to his own undoing. His fellow-members in Parliament resolve to buy Scottish support in the war by subscribing the Scottish covenant, thus pledging themselves to carry out the ideas of the Presbyterians in Church and in State. Ralph Verney's homespun notions of honesty do not permit him to swear to doctrines he does not believe, though the penalty of refusal be close imprisonment if he tarry in England, and sequestration of his estates, as the property of a "delinquent" member of Parliament, if he escape beyond seas. But he does not hesitate. "I am resolved," says he, "that innocency shall be my guard,

and then whatsoever I suffer I can beare without repining ;" and, accepting exile and penury with "innocency," he goes, to wear out his heart in France, in 1643, self-banished from all that made life pleasant to him, save the society of his faithful wife and their infant children. It will be well for England if this be the character and conduct of an "average" Englishman to-day !

A very youthful portrait, by Jansen, of Ralph Verney, with narrow oval face and large anxious eyes under a cloud of hair, suggests his weaknesses, his careful apprehensive turn of mind, but gives no hint of his quiet heroism. It contrasts oddly with the gallant courtly aspect, the clear-cut features, the subtly caught expression, half grave, half gay, of Sir Edmund, statesman-like and soldier-like as Vandyck drew him. Happily it was the latter accomplished artist who preserved for us the lovely sparkling face of Ralph's wife Mary, the radiant girl whose youthful brightness of spirit earned for her the loving nickname of "Mischiefe" in her husband's family, and who, dainty lady as she looks in her satin and pearls and fair clustering ringlets, proved herself able to do a man's work, with a woman's patience, when her husband's fortunes seemed most desperate. Then we see her leaving his protection at Bloss, adventuring alone to England to act as his agent, restoring order to his desolated homestead and disordered affairs, fighting for him with tongue and pen against friends, enemies, and kinsfolk, besieging the arbiters of his fate through every serviceable friend, and not neglecting the strong persuasion of excellent dinners to powerful "Parliament men," and gifts of costly trifles to their families ; till her woman's wit and her woman's weapons of fair looks and sweet words prevail ; the sequestration is taken off Sir Ralph's estate ; and she can hasten back on wings of love to the mate who had found her absence as hard to bear as it had been toilsome to herself.

Every passage from this fair Mary's

letters has its special charm ; whether she is planning out her children's education : "*Mum* must learn to play the gitarr and singe . . . 'tis a great deale of pity he should lose his time now he is soe younge and capable of breeding ;" whether she is lamenting the ruinous state of Claydon — "the linnen quite worn out — the feather-beds eaten with Ratts — the spits extreemly eaten with Rust — the dining-room chairs in Raggs" — and toiling hard to mend matters ; or insisting on her husband's having new clothes — "I have a great mind to bring some over, because I know you will rather weare any old rusty thing than bestow a new one upon yourselfe ;" or punishing brother Tom Verney's incivility by sending him back his gift of his portrait, "which as I heare made him more Blank than all the letters I could have sent him ;" it is the same "bright, clever, loving" spirit that shines cheerfully through all. Her courage only fails her when there comes the heavy news that two of her children are dead, and she away.

"Joyned with being absent from thee," she writes to her husband, "it is — without God's great marcy to me — a heavier burthen than can be borne by thine own unhappy M."

She spoke too truly. Her long anxieties, coupled with this grief, were overmuch for the frail body that enshrined the sunny spirit ; and in two years' time we find that she has faded out of life, to the lasting grief of her husband, who mourned her as her faithful widow to the end of a long life. Prosperity and peace crowned its late autumn ; but no second spring of love was possible for his heart.

Beside this unobtrusive domestic tragedy we may set the wilder story of "*Sir Mun*, the young Cavalier," Ralph's gallant younger brother Edmund, whom we follow through his boyish scrapes at school and college to his bright, impulsive young manhood ; who, passionately for the king, and half-begged in his service, can frolic it with the best when the sun shines on him for a moment ; who reads his brother most amusing, serious lectures on his defec-

tive loyalty : "Your being against the king . . . is most unhandsomely done. . . . I beseech you consider that majesty is sacred ; . . . it troubled Davyd that he cutt but the lapp of Saul's garment" (an argument quite racy of the times) ; and whose death by assassination in Ireland, in 1649, comes on us with a shock of painful surprise.

The story is imparted to Sir Ralph at Blois, wretchedly uncertain of the fate of "deare deare Mun," by a friend who writes in such hot anger as to be careless of the caution which made correspondents very wary how and of whom they spoke, since both sides had small scruple as to intercepting and opening letters. Some such reason will account for the very rare mention in these records of Cromwell's formidable name ; and, when it does occur, it seems as if spoken with bated breath. It stands darkly written on the page that tells of "Sir Mun's" murder, but with sparing comment even there.

Edmund, who had been serving under Ormonde, was one of the English Royalists garrisoning Drogheda who surrendered to Cromwell when he stormed the place. "Three days after quarter was given him, he was walking with Crumwell by way of protection. One Ropier . . . caled him aside in a pretence to speake with him, beinge formerly of acquaintance, and instead of some frendly office which Sir Ed : might expect from him, he barberously rann him throw with a tuck, but I am confident to see this act once highly revenged."

Was this special treacherous baseness an authentic incident ? But as to the slaughter of the young Royalist, whether effected by a traitorous former friend or not, there exists no doubt. Cromwell cites the name of "Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant Colonel," among those of the Royalist officers despatched at Drogheda (or "Tredah"), "the flower of their army," says the victorious general exultingly, in "the spirit of a Jew of olde smiting Amalek with the sword of the Lord." The sweet, serious face of "Sir Mun"—how touching the affectionate family nickname for such a

victim !—appeals to us mutely, in its worn and wistful beauty, against the iron zeal which mowed down this noble young life in its very blossoming time as though it were a noisome weed. But the stern mower who swept down "the enemies of the Lord" with the large, sure sweep of the remorseless war-scythe, trod on over the fallen swathes unheeding if it were weed or flower he trampled.

For the exiled Ralph, still a faithful adherent of the Parliament that used him so hardly, the news must have been bitter as death, that the brother who had never been more precious or more loving had been sent to a bloody grave by soldiers of that Parliament. Some insight into the anguish of suspense then endured in many a home, and replaced only by cruel certainty, is given to us while we follow through Ralph's correspondence the changing fortunes of his father and his brother, and the darkly sudden end of each tragic story. There was room for torturing uncertainty in both cases. Sir Edmund's corpse was never recovered ; his son's could not be.

By no means all the interest of this book, richly varied in its delightfulness, is of this sombre kind. Many personages of the history, like the elder Sir Edmund, were of a very cheerful humor, and a practical turn of mind to boot, discoursing gaily even of the "naggs," "long gauntlets," "cuirasses," and other warlike gear, needed for the distasteful business of the Scotch campaign ; as if these were of such harmless, every-day interest as the "intollerable knavery" of "the gardener," who is much too apt to "fiddle about his woarke," at Claydon. There is a comic element also plainly perceptible in the characters and the doings of some others, of which they can have been little conscious at the time. That "picturesque vagabond" and most irritating kinsman, Captain Thomas Verney, is very amusing in this unconscious way, especially when, after the fashion of the period, he intersperses his never-ending demands for money, and "scatter-brained projects"

for making his fortune, with pious moralizings and quotations, lamentations over the dearth of "good doctrine" at the Barbadoes, whither his much-enduring father has despatched him as a well-supplied settler, and "deepe protestations" of his resolve "by the grace of God to lead a new life." To the end of his days, and he lived ninety-two years, Tom Verney led but one life—that of the typical black sheep and ne'er-do-weel; but there is very strong local color in the adventures of this particular specimen. His brethren of to-day could not emulate his feat of "selling" his English workmen outright to another planter in Barbadoes, when he sees fit to abandon the West Indies for England; nor would they be found, as he is, in conjunction with his youngest brother Henry, "the racing man" of the family, very busy and important in arranging "maches" for their poorly dowered orphan sisters. But then this was a duty which even such unsatisfactory kinsmen as Tom Verney felt to be imperative and sacred, and which they discharged with a single eye to practical considerations. Henry Verney did not abate his complacency over securing "Mr. Elmes, a pretty gentleman of a very great fortune" for "Sister Peg," because the bridegroom proved "a humersome cross boy," prone to "act the madman" in fits of causeless jealousy. Had not "five hundred a year good security Joynter" been settled on poor Margaret Elmes; and had not her dower, like that of all her unmarried sisters, been grievously imperilled by her father's untimely death, her elder brother's exile, and the chaotic state of business?

Henry was justified by the practice of the time, which, as far as the proceedings of the marriage-market were concerned, was frankly mercenary and nothing else.

"The passion of love . . . hardly existed at this time with regard to marriage, which was usually a purely commercial proceeding. . . . The love of husbands and wives, of parents to children, was extremely strong; but the ordinary falling in love of young men

and maidens is not thought of much importance."

Sometimes, in the dearth of friends and relations willing to do the needful bargaining, the young lady sought in marriage would see to the matter herself, and that with a business-like straightforwardness that takes away one's breath. Hear how the fair Mary Villiers disposes of an unacceptable suitor:—

"The distracted times affrights mee from thinking of maring . . . whereas you desired mee to make enquire of you and your estate, I cannot hear of any you have at all; and I would have you know without an estate I will never marry you, nor no man living, and such an estate as my friends like of."

A marriageable damsel of our own day would not venture on such a frank avowal of mercenary views; it was quite *selon les règles* of those simpler times. Sometimes boy and girl marriages, like that of Ralph Verney at sixteen to thirteen-year-old Mary Blacknall, the orphan heiress, did result in a wedded life of great happiness, though they might have been arranged by guardians in a purely commercial spirit; but the fervent, constant affection of such a pair was a happy accident—it was not in the bond. We find the merest hint of a preceding love-story in two of the "maches" planned and carried out for Sir Edmund Verney's six daughters by their father and brothers; in fairness we must own that these were not conspicuously happy above the others.

A genuine romance of the favorite modern type is indeed presented to us once in these volumes; but it ends unprosperously. The heroine is Dorothy Leeke, a bewitching, "extremely Irish," maiden, cousin of the younger Verneys, and resident with them at Claydon; the faithless lover is Ralph's own especial friend and frequent visitor, gay, brilliant James Dillon, Irish too, and at a later day Earl of Roscommon. Their long, mirthful, love-making, a shade too earnest under the surface on the girl's part, comes to an end when the lover passes into the sphere of

that masterful lord deputy of Ireland, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. The scene grows darker when there "waves in the mighty shadow" of that great, ill-starred statesman; the roses of the pretty pastoral comedy at Claydon wither, the gay love-ditties die away. Dillon marries Strafford's sister, Elizabeth, and espouses also the fortunes of Strafford's party; the poetic young friendship between him and Ralph dies out in mutual coldness. It is a stately tragedy that succeeds the idyl; and Ralph Verney is a spectator and a faithful witness of it.

From the days of the first Sir Ralph Verney, member for London in 1472, the Claydon family had been "very Parliamentary," and apt to take the Liberal side in politics. Our Sir Edmund and Sir Ralph, following the family tradition, sat both in the "Short" and the "Long" Parliaments, summoned in 1640. Ralph, the careful and methodical, was an industrious note-taker; and not only so, but he found or made time to write off "wikelly nues," as she termed them, to the much-married Lady Sussex, keen politician and energetic business woman, who was his own friend as she had been his father's. This lady, who, marrying successively three wealthy and venerable peers—Lord Sussex, Lord Warwick, Lord Manchester—is styled "old men's wife," in the cypher used by Ralph and Mary Verney for corresponding, combined a sort of motherly tenderness for Ralph's welfare with her demands on him for political information.

"When you have any idell time i pray let me have sometimes a lyne or to from you," says she in her villanous phonetic spelling, "and i will send you some biskete to put in your pokete and jhelly to comfort you up"—pocket provisions faithfully renewed and gratefully accepted, while the immensely long sittings of the House lasted. Ralph requited the lady's kindness with the "nues" she hungered for; so her own very sprightly letters testify; but his communications were almost certainly burnt, as unsafe, when their contents had been assimilated. Happily it was

not so with the "Noates" that he scribbled in pencil "on folded sheets of small foolscap paper, held on his knee and carried in his pocket," during those momentous debates on "all possible subjects, human and divine," amid which Lord Strafford's famous trial continually interposed its portentous proceedings, awakening a passionate excitement that seems to pulsate yet from the scrawled writing across the little, worn, grey sheets of paper.

The extraordinary value of these notes had been recognized as long ago as 1845, when Mr. Bruce edited them for the Camden Society. They are first-hand evidence, preferable even to the letters from the seat of war, or from country houses, that often recount uncertain and contradictory rumors rather than proved facts. Here we see the House busy with schemes for "the advancement of lerninge; encouragement of students; grammer scholes to be maintayned by every Cathedral church; local statutes to appoint sermons *almost every day*," proposing to reform Church music, which was "not edifying, being soe full of art," but should be "solome musicke." Oddly mixed with such matters is the appointment of a committee of six, Sir Ralph being one, to ascertain if Queen Henrietta Maria's state of health did really, as she professed, necessitate a Continental trip that she might drink the Spa waters? or whether some very mischievous design was not hidden under that fair pretence? They decided to employ "reasons to dissuade her," evidently reposing small faith in her honesty of purpose.

The loftier note is again touched in the debate on the oppressive and fatal persecution of "Sir John Eliot, Selden, and others," from which we gather the significant detail how "when Eliot's casement was open, the lieutenant of the Tower was chidden," for bestowing that small boon of a little pure air on the doomed man. And as the Strafford trial goes on, we are conscious of a fierce stir about the writer, over his shoulder we seem to look, as his swift pencil flies, as the pressure of the throng

about him pushes paper awry and half drives the pencil into it; we hear the roar of the crowd that surges outside, crying for "justice on the great delinquent," we note the high-strung excitement which, when "a board in the gallery cracked under the weight of two fat members," made men instantly apprehend a second Gunpowder Plot, one hasty-witted member shouting, "I smell gunpowder!"

The tension was plainly breathless at that turning-point of the eighteen-days' trial, when we see Pym producing the fatal "Minute of the Council of Eight," wherein Sir Harry Vane, secretary to the Council, had reported those speeches of Strafford which were held to prove his intention of bringing over an Irish army to uphold the king in his infringements of English law. The original report had been destroyed by royal command; but a copy existed; and this Sir Harry Vane the younger, no Royalist, found and communicated to Pym. That is a dramatic moment when the elder Vane's secretary is made to describe how the son, looking for some title-deed in his father's "black velvet cabinet," might have found this other document; when the secretary himself is compelled, however vaguely, to own that such speeches *were* made; more tragic is the meeting of the two Houses in committee on the matter of Strafford's attainder, when the earl, "behind the barr," is, once only, confronted with the king, who will forsake him, the queen who prompts the treachery, the heir-apparent who shall be made fatherless and homeless in consequence of that and other royal treasons. But the concluding scenes of the terrible play were acted elsewhere; and here Sir Ralph's notes fail us.

Lady Sussex, however, lets us see how bitter was the feeling against the earl. "Yon great lorde i hope will come to the honor of behedinge; if he scape he will do more ill than ever was don. . . . I pray God your hoses" (houses) "may agree, and that they may make an end of this great lorde," says she, forgetful of the kindly pity she had for most creatures in distress;

and when the earl has died, dauntless as he lived, it is thus his fate is moralized by Lady Brilliana Harley, "best and kindest of women, but a strong Parliamentarian:"—

"I am glad justice is excicuted on my Lord Straford, whoo I think dyed like a Seneca, but not like one that had tasted the mistery of godlyness . . . the wicked flowreschess but for a time in his life, nor in his death has peace."

It was a time of storm and stress, the sea and the waves raging. Woe betide the earthen vessel that chanced to ride the flood in company with vessels of iron and brass! The old apologue comes to mind as we turn to the next momentous scene Sir Ralph was to witness and record, and see how the tyrannous intention of a too feeble king was shattered against the inflexible will of the Commons when Charles made his luckless attempt to seize the five members.

It is a living, vivid account, pencilled down in the midst of the passionate excitement of the scene, that we now read; and reading, we find ourselves in the House between one and two of the January afternoon in 1641; around us are stern men thrilling with silent expectation, the threatened members having been sent away; and with them we mark the manner of the king's entering, with "the Palsgrave" alone, bidding his followers crowding at his heels "uppon their lives not to come in;" we see "the doores kept open, and the earl of Roxborough stand within the doore, leaning uppon it"—a little touch of courtier insolence given by Sir Ralph alone—so that we discern the guard, and "two or three hundred" armed gentlemen outside. The king "comes upward, towards the chaire, with his hat off," in ceremonious respect to the House he is outraging; we see him reach "the stepp" of the speaker's place, and there turning, stand "a great while" looking, stupefied by the absence of his prey, and calling "Pym" and "Hollis," who do not answer. Then comes the famous colloquy between King Charles and Speaker Lenthall, who "has neither

eyes, nor tongue, to see or say anything" but what the House commands. "My birds are flown," says the king, incoherent in his angry amazement; "I did expect the House would send them to me, and if they do not I will seek them myself; their treason is foul, and such as you will all thank me to discover; they shall have a fair trial,"—"and soe went out, putting off his hat till hee came to the doore;" always careful of due etiquette.

"Upon which the House did instantly resolve to adorne till to-morrow at on of the clock, and in the intrim they might consider what to doe."

There was a strong feeling that the peril of bloodshed in the House itself had been imminent. The king's characteristic irresolution, and the absence of the illustrious five, had concurred to prevent armed strife between the numerous royal escort and the members, all gentlemen wearing swords, who not many days before, says Warwick, had been ready, in the debate on the "Grand Remonstrance," to "catch at each other's locks, and sheathe our swords in each other's bowels." "It was a blessed thing," says Lady Sussex, "thos gentlemen was from the parlyment when the kinge cam, he had ill counsell surly to com in such a way," and she fervently hopes she and her friends may not all "bee kailled" (killed)—a wild apprehension one would think, but just then men's minds were newly furnished with nightmare-images of terror. Hideous news had come and was coming from Ireland. The popish rebellion and massacre were not over, and the Verneys' Irish friends, the Barrymores and Leekes, while making ready to resist the savage murderers and plunderers around them, with the spirit of English men and women of our own age amid the Indian horrors of the Mutiny, wrote appalling accounts home.

"God help us! we have and hear of nothing but fire and sword, and pitiful sights of poor people stript naked as ever they were born; and we can expect nothing but famine, for they

destroy all—they which at Michaelmas last were worth three or four thousand pounds now beg at our door," writes one lady; and her words fairly epitomize the state of things depicted, with a hundred wretched details, in other letters pleading hard for English support.

The dread that England might soon be made as Ireland—not wholly unreasonable while Strafford lived and bore sway, and fostered by the knowledge of the king's intrigues with Irish Catholic lords—intrigues that "rather helped than hindered the outbreak"—was strong and living though Strafford had fallen; it was now at frenzy-pitch; and it did not rank least among the many forces that drove the ship of State, faster and ever faster, to the roaring whirlpool of civil war.

With the breaking out of hostilities the centre of interest shifts from Westminster; and Sir Ralph's note-takings are not so helpful. Indeed, by the opening of 1643, "sick of many griefs," his father's loss chiefest, and his own exile approaching, he had no heart for note-taking. But we have Edmund writing from Ireland, where, engaged in the distasteful task of suppressing the rebellion, he finds, like many an Englishman before and since, that "it is sport to the inhabitants to see us undone," and who is fain to live, with his soldiery, on sheer plunder of a land already three-quarters ruined; we have Mrs. Eure, his aunt, relating how in Yorkshire "the wimin begin to rise; there hath bin a 100 with the King, and above, to have there greevaunces redrest. . . . I wish you all to take heed of wimin, for this verrey vermin have pulld down an inclosure, which sum of them ware put in prison for it by the justisis," a vigorous assertion of "women's rights," unseemly followed up by triumphings with "cakes and ale;" we have the hourly terrors of this lady and her sister, Mrs. Isham, who is seen in sore straits: "I have but one gown . . . for our clothes we must sew fgleaves together, we lost all by fire . . . the Lord give us all pachince, for a beggen we must all goe if this world holde;" we have Lady Sussex, in the

midst of civil strife and money troubles therefrom arising, still curious after Paris fashions, if "not too chargeable;" and continually we have glimpses of Claydon, where the fatherless Verney girls and their widowed sister Cary Gardiner, are huddled together under the insufficient guardianship of "Will Roades," the steward, liable to "affrights of rude souldiers rushing in att all hours," seemingly ready to accept any creditable suitor who will save them from such "outrages," and forgetting all the sweet orderliness and gentle ways of their mother while they quarrel for the services of their one tirewoman, since, like the thriftiest, busiest housewives of their own rank, they can cook, spin, broider; but not dress their own hair.

Their state is piteous in this disordered war-time; but worse is the fate of their cousins, the Dentons, whose home, fair Hillesden House, is seen going up in smoke and flame, when, having been held strongly for the king by Colonel Smith, it is taken by a stronger force under "Lieutenant-General Cromwell," plundered, and totally burnt.

An unkind chance had brought to Hillesden, two days before its capture, Sir Alexander Denton, its master—a *le* Royalist, worthy to be compared to the Parliamentary Ralph for simple, patient courage in adversity. He had come to remove his womenfolk from a home now very unfit for them; and so, being captured with the rest of the garrison, was consigned, in company with Colonel Smith, to the Tower. He was destined never to regain his liberty, dying of a fever on the New Year's day of 1645, in "Lord Petre's house, used for prisoners when the Tower was very full," a suggestive allusion, the Tower being now overcrowded with Royalist families guilty of *trop de zèle*.

Sharp, short work made Cromwell; but the destruction of "sweete Hillesden," ruinous as it was to the family, was disgraced by no such atrocities as marked the Royalist capture in the same month of Hopton Castle, in Shropshire. There the Parliamentary

garrison surrendered, "upon condition of quarter and safe marching away; but no sooner had the enemy power over them, but they most miserably hacked and hewed them, and afterwards most devilishly thrust them into a pitt and buried them all alive; they were about 27 men."

So, in great wrath, writes Sir Roger Burgoyne to Ralph at Blois. Were these Royalists Englishmen, imitating the horrors wrought by half savage Celts during the Irish massacre of 1641? or were they foreign troops of Rupert's, practised in the cruelties of the Thirty Years' War? One would fain hope the latter.

It is pleasant to turn from such a ghastly scene as this at Hopton to the quaint romance of two love-stories connected with the defence and capture of Hillesden. A rough Covenanting captain, "half Scotch, half Irish," Jacobiah Abercrombie, who was one of the attacking force, touched by the tearful charms of Sir Alexander's sister, Mistress Susan Denton, appears to have wooed and won the lady in about three hours—perhaps as he escorted her and the other desolate women at Hillesden across the fields to Claydon—and to have married her in some three months thereafter. One is sorry to read how this hasty wooer, the following year, had to be buried among his wife's kinsfolk in "their beautiful old churchyard at Hillesden," he having been slain by a skirmishing party from Borestall; his impulsive tenderness is quite engaging. Colonel Smith, who while commanding at Hillesden had learned to love its owner's daughter Margaret, fared less unluckily; even in the grim Tower the wooing went on, and it ended with a marriage snatched in that ill-omened fortress itself; after which the bridegroom managed to escape, and the bride, though imprisoned for a week on suspicion of having helped him, was soon set free to join him. Such simple passages of common human tenderness do something to brighten the story that is much concerned with battle and murder and sudden death in these later years. We miss in them the pleasant

background of Claydon House, with its joyous hospitalities and wholesome occupations, its breezy, open-air life for the men, whose "pleasure in 'jest and youthful jollity,' wit and mirth and innocent enjoyments, such as dancing, music, fencing, hawking, and 'in all liberal arts,' was entirely without the grossness that degraded the following reign;" there is an end of the women's infinite cares for fine linen and tapestry, silken and velvet furniture, for the wonderful lace collars worn by sons and husbands; an end of their serviceable toils at spinning-wheel and broidery-frame, their distilling of simples and cordials, their confections and innocent medicinal preparations; an end of the kindly, wholesome, mutually helpful relations between gentle and simple that are plainly evident in the stories of the elder Verneys. The wasteful war has ruined all. And Lady Sussex, who contrives still to keep on her old way, is less amusing when her theme is but of growing debts, lessening means, and vehement politics intermixed, than when her most pressing cares were the coals Sir Ralph was to order for her, the "gold-colored damasks," the carpets, the ribbons she wanted him to choose for her, or the style, the price, the frame, and faithfulness of the "noble picture" that Vandyck is painting of her, and which, when completed, she finds "too rich in jewels," and too fat in the face. "It looks like one of the winds puffing, but truly I think it is like the original," is the quaintly honest confession of the lady's mortified vanity—a quality of which her later letters supply no further hint. The times are grown too sad and serious. We are even grateful for the little homely details of Mary Verney's impoverished housekeeping in France, and for such sparkles of gaiety as can be struck from her trouble with the ill-fitting stockings she sent from England for husband and children at Blois, or from Ralph's extravagances in "fairings," that leave him without money for groceries. One half fancies that the persons concerned themselves lingered willingly on these trifles, as a welcome relief from the

solemn earnestness that public events inspired.

Within the limits of a review we can only hint at the wealth of material, the "infinity of small details," full of rich suggestion as to the social, political, religious life of the times, that are crowded into these volumes. The incidents of King Charles's luckless campaign in 1639 against the Covenanted Scots supply one exciting chapter in the life of Sir Edmund Verney who, inwardly disapproving the expedition, was constrained to accompany it, and whose letters from the scene of action are eloquent of the royal rashness and indecision, the imperfect information and impossible hopes, which foredoomed the enterprise to failure; but the "infinity of detail" by which this impression is produced defies reproduction, as much as do the thousand and one particulars which suggest this immeasurable wretchedness of Ireland in 1641-2. Certain features of the time do, however, stand out in such bold relief that they may not pass unnoticed. One such feature, quite grandly unmistakable, is the intense fervor of the prevalent religious feeling. It manifests itself in strange fashion sometimes—as when old Lady Denton vehemently cries out for a suit of "sackcloth lined with ashes," in which to mourn the wicked folly of her daughter who has just wedded a Papist: "It is such a cut to me that it hath almost killed me." Or when "Sir Mun's" soldiers jealously watch his demeanor in church, suspecting him for a Romanist, and ready to lay violent hands on him if he do but nod under a sleep-compelling sermon. Toleration as yet passed rather for a sin than a virtue.

But this same intolerance was closely linked with a passionately earnest belief. Faith, humble, simple, steadfast, colors the thoughts, opinions, utterance, of all the nobler personages, inspires their patriotism, and gives iron strength to their principle. The political party espoused has nothing to do with this characteristic, it is as pronounced in the Royalist as in the Parliamentary. The silken flutterers round queen and

court, favorites of the royal lady and easy perverts to Rome, had no part or lot in it; but there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of even the king's piety, and every reference to his death shows that the open evidence of firm Christian faith he then gave half regained the hearts that had been alienated from him.

Perforce, considering this strong prevailing piety, and the beauty and usefulness of the lives fashioned by it, we think more nobly of that vanished England, which suffered, fought, and bled, was bereft and beggared for our sakes, and which during the long Comus-revel of the Restoration seemed to have bled and agonized in vain; we appreciate more justly the clear, pure atmosphere, the healthy environment, which fostered the greatness of soul and true heroism of an Eliot, a Hampden, a Falkland, a Pym, a Milton, a Cromwell; we understand that even these men did not make their time, that the time had its part in producing and developing them. One may assert that such a high average of social excellence as is evidenced by the lives of these Verneys, unostentatious in their single-hearted, steady allegiance to God and duty, is an indispensable condition for the manifestation of those still loftier and more illustrious examples of excellence, famous through all the ages of a nation's later history. Can we boast that it is as well with our England as it was with theirs in this respect? If not, our national greatness stands in peril, —

Though power should make from land to land

The name of Britain trebly great,
And every channel of the State
Should almost choke with golden sand.

From The National Review.
COMING AND GOING.

AMID what might at first sight seem incongruous circumstances, I am reflecting on certain aspects of "coming and going." There are those, perhaps, who think that it would be more fitting to contemplate the pathetic ebb and flow

of life's busy tide in some great centre of the human race—in the smoke-wrapt city, where far into the night the streets echo to the rapid tread of restless feet and to the dull roar of traffic surging by; where, too, all the scenes shaped by the arbitrary caprice of man, and not by the considerate design of nature, change their identity almost daily, and people dwell as pilgrims, pitching their wandering tents as the sun goes down, and striking them silently when the grey morning dawns. Well, not such are the sights and sounds presented to one's experience in this quiet, secluded nook. No hoarse calls and deafening rattle hinder continually all chance of rest and meditation. No buildings grim and dingy, morosely crowding together, shut out the vision of blue skies and prevent the golden touch of summer sun. It is in an old-fashioned, moss-grown, sleepy village—many a long mile distant from the smoke and stir of town—that I pen these lines. No throbbing echoes of the great city's toil and strife reach us here to trouble or dismay; for this isolated spot lies buried so far inland, amid rolling downs and solitary hills, that even the lightning wire has never flashed a secret hither, and no steam engine ever startles, with its shrill scream and sudden rush, the cattle idly browsing in meadows starred with buttercups, or furnishes an excuse for slow-witted yokels to pause a little in their work and gaze, half wistfully, half wonderingly, after the line of carriages speeding so swiftly away into that world of care and marvel so utterly unknown to them. White, dusty roads, shaped long ago by the tough thews and sinews of a departed peasant race, lead here and there to country towns small and decorously dull. Walking in these long-trodden, weather-beaten tracks during morning or early afternoon, you encounter, except on market days, comparatively few signs of human life. Often for many a mile the only sounds that break upon the ear are the soothing hum of insects floating unseen in the heated seas of air; the sweet, tireless chant of larks revelling in the blazing

splendors of the sunlit skies ; and the distant bark of some anxious collie keeping fussy guard over its charge of timid sheep. Towards evening, an hour or two before the veil of twilight falls, there is more stir. You meet little bands of children — equipped with books and slates — not so tired with their day's schooling that they cannot frequently stop and search the hedgerows for blackberries and flowers ; heavily laden wagons, dragged creaking along by handsome, solemn-looking horses ; laborers, with tanned faces and horny hands, quietly plodding back to their well-earned food and rest ; a roomy wagonette, with the rectory people, returning from a tennis party at the squire's ; a jolly-looking farmer or two jogging homewards from an "ordinary" at the neighboring market town. Such is the history of a day's traffic in this unhurried spot. Verily, the wheels of time revolve noiselessly enough here, and prosaic are the steps with which we pace out the distance between the cradle and the grave. There is apparently little to mark the flight of days and hours — little to breathe of deep emotion or originate grave experience. And yet quite appropriately one may meditate in such a drowsy, far-off corner of the world on the comings and goings of existence ; for in this remote village, whose age may be cumbered by centuries, where even yet quaint roofs and gables, old-fashioned diamond-shaped panes, and heavy oaken doors with sixteenth and seventeenth century dates rudely carved above them, speak in visible, material language of the long ago ; even here, — where change and decay come so slowly that past and present seem rolled into one, — days, and months, and years flit from us in reality no less swiftly than they do in the very heart of that giant of cities, great London far away. And, if we only knew it, this simple hamlet, whose name even is obscured by the dusty cobwebs of time, has concealed within its patient, unruffled bosom as full a share of domestic comedy and tragedy as many a large and populous town of

wide and splendid influence, but only recent growth. The old church, under whose cool, protecting shadow I sit and write, has witnessed more of life than many a modern exchange. Yon massive tower, that looks so benignly down upon the lichen-covered stones and velvet turf beneath, is worn and grey with the weight of stormy generations. For five or six long centuries at least it has watched with the same serene and august majesty innumerable comings and goings. Inside those sacred walls there are not a few memorials which carry the thoughtful spectator back to a past so dim and distant that the records concerning it seem altogether legendary, and the people to whose memory these were erected glide before us like phantoms in a dream. Yet underneath the carved marble and the gilded stone they are sleeping out the last long sleep of all ; and before they closed their dim eyes and composed their weary limbs to that mystic slumber they toiled and thought on the very stage on which we now play our brief, engrossing parts.

That parish priest who, vested in cope, and stole, and alb, and with the holy chalice in his hands, lies drawn in bold outline on a large alabaster slab just within the altar rails, once stood in real life on the very spot where his bones now quietly repose, and in the solemn hush of the Sabbath morning fed kneeling worshippers with the sacred mysteries, even as his successor does Sunday after Sunday now. I confess that tomb attracts me more than any other — not from its antiquarian associations, though they are by no means unimportant, but because it is able to furnish such a vivid and suggestive illustration for this thought of coming and going. How many lives of varied worth and interest must that good man, in his ministerial capacity, have studied in the village here ! What thrilling romances, what stern records, were slowly written out beneath his close and careful scrutiny ! How many changes and vicissitudes unknown to the outside world — how many greetings and farewells of which history takes no note — he must have wit-

nessed, until the mysterious summons came at last for him, and he, too, started on that lone, secret journey to the far-off shore !

Nothing bridges over long intervals of time so easily and thoroughly as historical actualities like these. Such seem to exist only in old English villages. Full-laden centuries roll away and leave no trace on great ploughed-up surfaces like the States of North America. Only Britain seems to have a past that you can feel and see. Frequent wars, with revolutions physical and social, have despoiled other ancient European countries of treasures that enshrine the long ago. Think of the old-time possessions no money can buy, no toil replace, that the ruthless hand of the Girondist and the Jacobin destroyed, or that floated skyward in costly smoke and flame during the ravaging campaigns of Marlborough and Napoleon. The material earth, indeed, with its mountains and woods and rivers, is older than any work of man. From a dateless period the silver Thames has twined its devious way from source to sea. No human eye witnessed the birth of wind-swept Snowdon, or saw the misty Hebrides unscarred by the wear and wash of the Atlantic. But the earth, monumental and old-fashioned as it is, does not, *of itself and by itself*, appeal to us with familiar voice or thrill us with the mesmeric touch of a sympathetic presence. It awes ; it does not comfort. Often, too, it has been robbed of its old historic beauty by a strange freak of nature or some demoralizing work of man. It must be peopled with our own kith and kin. It must be marked, without being marred, by their effort and toil in the dim past to appeal to us with real effect. In such a retired, unmeddled-with locality as this, one seems to touch the ghostly hands and listen to the haunting tones of men and women of hoar antiquity. Here I can look out of my ivy-bordered window, and fancy that I see John of Gaunt, with falcon on wrist, and gay band of attendant sportsmen, pricking across yonder down ; and, as I stroll in the summer

twilight through the small beech wood that skirts the ancient vicarage garden, I imagine I hear the quick, angry clash of the alarm-bell from the old church tower, and see glowing on the hills in the far distance the red bonfires that tell of Philip's Armada drawing near our shores. One cannot dream such dreams in great cities which are being altered and transformed in wholesale fashion every few months and years. It is only old places that are tenanted by unseen presences. The modern street, with its 'bus and tram, its crowd of hurrying passengers, and its bewildering fret and noise, speaks of to-day ; these winding, uneven, grass-grown pathways of ancient times. Round that venerable dial-crowned market-cross in the middle of the village-green, where the children are dancing and whooping this sunny afternoon, centuries ago their forefathers played, after the same fashion, looking out upon the same scenes. Down that straggling street, which cuts the village in two, nearly three hundred years ago an army marched, with glittering arms and gay banners streaming high. It was a wing of the Roundhead force moving on to do battle at Newbury. The quiet villagers, looking out from casements, and gathered in wondering groups by doorways which still exist in their pristine strength and quaintness, were startled (so history tells us) by one of the wagons stored with gunpowder suddenly exploding, as it was being dragged along, with the baggage in the rear. Later on in the day, no doubt, the same people listened tremblingly to the noise of combat borne on the summer breeze ; for only a mile or two away that rebel band met with some of dashing Prince Rupert's horsemen, and a stern fight ensued, the severity of which was attested to even in our own generation by the discovery a few years ago of some fifty or sixty bodies buried near by the highroad, probably on the very spot they fell. It seems strange that so many comings and goings have elapsed, so many changes worked their decaying will on man, and yet left the village and the neighborhood much the same as it was

uncounted years ago. Soft summer winds sweep across the downs, and sway with a billowy motion the fields of golden corn. The setting sun glows cheerily on the red tiles of the cottage roofs, and flowing through the rich west window of the church sheds a mystic light upon pillared aisle and carved monument, after exactly the same fashion as on that famous 13th of August, one hundred and fifty years ago, when Blenheim was being won. The village wakes up in the grey, foggy dawn, and sets listlessly about its simple, daily tasks in the field and home, just as it did that cold February morning when the beautiful Mary of Scotland was led out to her untimely death in the gloomy hall of Fotheringay. It is only the people who have changed — only the men and women who have gone never to return. The ceaseless flow of time appears commonplace enough to some; but to more thoughtful ones who stop to analyze it, and watch what it brings and what it takes away, it seems full of a throbbing interest and pathos.

Ah! everywhere and always coming and going are inseparably connected. The joys and sorrows of life are all of them fleeting; they are to be retained only for a little. Time kills or cures everything in his obliterating march; and the dark cypress no less than the bright, sweet-smelling rose bears within itself the quick, sure essence of decay. Meetings and partings are ever blending. The same dawning welcomes the coming and speeds the parting guest. With the merry clash of the marriage bells there mingles the sad and measured rhythm of the requiem knell. If one moment the mother's face is lit up with happy smiles as she watches her children at their play, the next her eyes are filled with tears as she thinks of the day swiftly coming when toil and trouble will retard the steps of those innocent little ones grown all too quickly into experienced men and women. Has not the careful trader, when an additional sum is added to his hoard, to place as well a new figure in the will which decides how it shall go? And it is open surely to question whether

even the poet has an ever-increasing company of friends which can "never grow old, nor change, nor pass away." But still we know that life would lose its real meaning for us if the going was not thus perpetually involved with the coming. There would need to be no sheltering love, no reverencing memory, no reckoning with the future, if across the waste of waters, or into this fresh enterprise and that, our companions passed with no dread possibilities hanging over them. There must be a sense of insecurity and doubt, while change and chance must play their several parts if the great drama of earthly existence is to exercise its full powers of influence and discipline upon the human mind. Still, it is hard, often, to look with the benign gaze of cheerful Montaigne on the comings and goings of life. We cannot always sing merrily and truly, —

Welcome ever smiles, farewell goes out sighing.

To most of us sweet joys, entrancing pleasures, appear to go far more swiftly than they come, and only grief, the "moist-eyed" seems to linger at our side. Repeatedly are we called to leave well-beloved places, and to tread where "all is new, unhallowed ground." What is each anniversary men keep — birthday, Christmas, marriage, the death of a friend, with many another unnamed point of time marked only in the secret and sacred calendar of the heart — but dates on which comings and goings are especially remembered? What a weird fascination there is in meditating upon, and comparing together, these comings and goings so like and yet so unlike! We base our dreams of the future on our experience of the past; but when we are actually confronted with any new revelation we feel that it has come upon us with the shock of a deep surprise. The going is old and familiar enough; but the coming is altogether new and strange. Perhaps at no time does this strike us more forcibly than when we revisit old scenes and people "after many days." What a difference between that going when

we bade them farewell long years ago and this coming when we meet them once more face to face! Even a short absence often brings about a sharp and serious difference. When have we gone away, and after a while returned and found everything quite as we left it? There is either some new property added, which we do not like because as yet the beautifying moss of custom has not had time to cover it with green, or there is some dear, well-known adjunct vanished, which we are forced to mourn and miss, and because with it has departed a cherished bit of our old life. When we are middle-aged we go back, perhaps, to the old home where we lived as children. It is there, still the same, yet not the same. The sunny drawing-room, pictured so vividly in our memory, with its faded carpet, its capacious sofa, its chairs and tables arranged for comfort rather than effect, its old engravings, its quaint china and well-filled bookshelves—that room, which used to look so cosy when the curtains were drawn and the flickering firelight cast strange shadows on the wall, has vanished quite away. It is entirely modernized now. London “art furnishers” have worked their transforming will with it. Very fashionable it looks in its new dress; but it does not seem one whit so well adorned to us now as it did in the worn and fretted garb of long ago. The fields and meadows, too, where in the far-off past we used to play with little brothers and sisters, are somehow altered; the old glen has disappeared, and a muddy cart-track scores its way where there used to wind a daisied path. And the same pathetic re-awakening awaits us when we go back to our old school or Alma Mater. That never-to-be-forgotten stair-landing where we had our first fight has been wiped out with its stains of fray (more interesting to us than the historic gore of Rizzio) by the hand of the destroyer, and class-rooms gaudy with red bricks and fresh paint occupy the site where our small, shabby studies used to stand. And who shall point out to us many another place with which memories grave or gay are inseparably

connected? A different light falls as well on the old, mist-wrapt city with its grey academic towers, where once, young and eager, we looked with cheerful eyes on the life prospect opening out before us. We had comrades then to file into class-room, and ply the club with us on grassy links where the salt sea, “moaning round with many voices,” chanted storm-music in our ears, and reddened our cheeks with its biting spray. Quadrangle and corridor are peopled still with a joyous, laughing crowd. The old walls look tolerantly down on the same toil and pleasure, and yet to our eyes all is changed. We are strangers there—unknown, uncared for—in a place where in bygone times we had many friends, and played, perhaps, a not unnoticed part. Ah! we often flatter ourselves that our comings and goings make far more stir than they really do. It is not pleasant to the human heart to think of the fate of Ulysses. But mere conceit will not make us less or more than we actually are, and truly,

Whether we go or come,
We are but one.

It is a private's place we most of us fill in the great army of the world, and, whatever our work and influence may be, they will be equalled at least in the life of many a comrade. And yet there is a pitiful custom which prevails everywhere of lauding the comer at the expense of the goer. People fly to a new doctor and crowd to hear a recently appointed clergyman, and gad about for a month or more singing their praises eloquently; after that there is silence, and then ultimately criticism wakes up to the astonishing fact that the fresh neighbor is after all very much like his predecessor.

But in all retrospect, in every meeting again with some old place or friend after the lapse of years, there is the somewhat painful experience that there are changes not only *without*, but as well *within*. Comings and goings leave their trace upon *ourselves*. When we shake hands once more with an old friend that we have not seen for years, our first

thought is, how *he* has altered, afterwards how much *we* ourselves have changed. We cannot indeed be certain for long together of our emotions and opinions; the tale or poem that ten years ago brought the tears to our eyes is now read with the most perfect equanimity. In the '60's or '70's *love* seemed verily "a millennium in a moment;" we *fell* into that ecstatic condition without the least warning. Now love is a much more business-like proceeding. The same face no longer charms us, nor is our heart so easily surrendered. Before we harbor the "grand passion" we consider carefully the chances of disillusion in time to come, and look for something besides the winning smile and the captivating manner. And who can answer for the unswerving consistency of his opinions—social, political, religious? The high Churchman and the low Churchman, the Conservative and the Radical, the recluse and the ball-goer, change places in bewildering succession, and are presented in the same person, until the mental "I" of to-day differs as much from the "ego" of ten or twenty years ago as the boy with smooth face and treble voice does from the stentorian-toned and bearded man. There is a flux in everything. And this eternal coming and going we do not altogether like. There is a strong conservative instinct in human nature. We want to annihilate time, to be girt ever with the here and now. We keep up old customs—we treasure old conceits—we store up old letters, and the "gifts of years before," because we do not want to feel that time has robbed us of anything, or made a vital difference to us.

There is something touching in that quaint anecdote of Thackeray which relates how the great novelist, when he was well on in years, walked one day into a confectioner's shop near his old school, stood at the counter and gravely and silently consumed a bun. He did not really want the bun, as he told the girl who served him; but the longing came to him to enter the old place and fancy for a moment or two that he was the schoolboy of long ago. Most peo-

ple who will never see forty again will enter at least a little into the feelings of that good and kindly man. Truly it is not the children only who support the old, time-honored customs. Many an elder likes to see the twinkling tapers and the dangling gifts of the Christmas-tree, and middle-aged fingers will sometimes not unwillingly take their turn with schoolboy digits in the bowl wreathed in blue and yellow flames. Why are we so particular about having the mince-pies and plum-puddings made after exactly the same recipes as in old days when we were children, though now we scarcely dare touch one or the other? Why were we so pleased when young Smasher, at the club the other day, asked us to make up a men's set at tennis, adding that it was sure to be a good, fast game? Or why were we so put out this morning when Mrs. Flutter, our dear, good housekeeper, told us to be sure and wrap up, as it was a bitter morning, and we must be careful not to take cold? Ah! is it not that we are anxious to keep up the delusion that, although years may come and go, they leave us with our environments in a great degree unaltered. Many a witty fellow has written funny lines about the first grey hair and the premonitory symptom of gout; but there is a doleful side to that picture, and there comes a time when even the professional jester will go in search of fresh fields wherein to exercise his powers of pleasantry. When we are young, comings and goings—changes of every sort—are welcomed rather than shunned. They bring a pleasing excitement in their train; but later in life, when phantom figures pass and repass us on our pilgrim way, we are reminded by almost every change of the *last* one—of that mysterious *going* which all must face, and yet which no one can fully picture or describe. "Men feare death as childe-rene feare to goe in the dark," wrote the great essayist; and, truly, a plunge into a mystery like that must ever be a very awe-inspiring experience to contemplate, even from afar. And yet, after all, it is but a natural transference. Here, for example, without any con-

tempt for death, the country-folk can bear to watch it quietly. They expect the friends of the dead man to come and look upon the still features for the last time, and very simply they talk of the end. It is to them a passage—a journey. Describing the sick-bed, with the wasted form—the brow damp with the death-dews and the laboring breath soon to cease forever—they put everything into the brief sentence, “He is going fast!” and then when all is over—“He is gone!” So ought we all to think of it. Death is indeed a journey—a going away. And yet, this side of time, we can never grow quite familiar with it. Although, in one sense, it is an ordinary expedition—an expedition thousands are making every day—everything about it is still a great secret. And so, as with all secrets, we are curious to learn it. When the veil is being lifted for any one we know, we try to peer a little over his shoulder as the grim messenger leads him within. But we cannot see anything; and, even if the “tongues of dying men enforce attention,” last words do not tell us much. Perhaps the final utterance of the great statesman says all that can be said about the physical part of it—“I am overwhelmed.”

GEORGE T. SHETTLÉ.

From The Leisure Hour.
THE STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

GERMANY.

II.

WITH the nomination of General von Caprivi to the post of German chancellor, the principle of the one-man power in German politics was abolished, or rather the burden was shifted from the shoulders of the subject to those of the monarch. The very choice of Caprivi, a man of whom no one had ever heard in diplomacy or statesmanship, indicated that for the present the emperor meant to be his own chancellor. He acted in the spirit of Louis XIV. after the death of Mazarin, and the change made itself felt instantly. We no longer hear talk of

the Bismarck policy; the phrase imperial policy has taken its place.

General George von Caprivi de Caprera de Montecuccoli, to give him his full title, was born at Berlin in 1831. His father, descended from an illustrious Italian stock, was a high legal functionary in the service of the Prussian State. Entering a regiment in his eighteenth year, he won rapid promotion, and served with distinction in the campaign of 1864-1866. In 1870 he acted as chief of the staff to the tenth corps, and reaped fresh laurels in all the battles on the Loire. In 1883, to the general amazement of the world, he passed with a single bound from the army to the navy, being chosen as head of the Admiralty. Naval men by profession were amazed at the mastery of their art and the perception of their interests displayed by a mere landsman and soldier, and his administration conclusively proved that he was a man with a rare power of adapting himself to new modes and lines of activity. Soon after the present emperor's accession he entirely reorganized the navy, on which occasion the emperor had a particular opportunity of studying the character of General von Caprivi; and his ability to serve him in a political character must have entirely convinced the sovereign, otherwise he would never have asked him to assume the enormous burden of responsibility which Prince Bismarck had been obliged to lay down. William II. decided to have a soldier for his new chancellor, agreeing, as he does, with the dictum of his ancestor Frederick the Great, that a general must be the surest dictator of a foreign policy, as knowing best how far he can go with the army behind him.

But though a good soldier, General Caprivi is more than a soldier; and if personal appearance counts for anything, he is also a man of great force of character and will, combining in a high degree the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, blending sagacity with patience, resolution with good humor, and German thoroughness with southern fire. He has little of the Italian in his appearance, he looks rather a typical

Teuton of the most impressive type, he might even pass for a brother of Prince Bismarck, so remarkable is the personal likeness between the two men. In point of stature and breadth of shoulders General von Caprivi has even the advantage, but otherwise he is characterized by the same massive jaw, heavy, grey moustache, bushy eyebrows, thick neck, solid, square head, shrewd, penetrating glance, and general air of blood and iron, tempered in him with a polished suavity. A difference in the character of the two men is discerned in their walk; Prince Bismarck treads sharply and heavily like a trooper; the gait of General von Caprivi has in it something of deliberation and leisurely elegance. He is a good speaker, but not an eloquent one. His speeches are usually brief and to the point, his case clearly and sharply demonstrated. The new chancellor is unmarried. Women appear never to have attracted him; but that he is capable of deep feeling is shown by his relation to his widowed sister, who keeps house for him. So far, he has impressed all who have come in contact with him as a man possessed of a high combination of prudence and tenacity, of great kindliness, and that peculiar gentleness which one only finds in men of strong character.

The distinctive feature of Caprivi's rule up to this hour has been, so to speak, the suppression of his personality, in direct contrast to the attitude assumed by his predecessor. Not much sensational matter does he furnish for the press to browse or speculate upon; he goes on his way quietly, unobtrusively, true to the purpose put forward in his maiden speech as chancellor, that he should keep himself aloof from parties, and take the good from whom and through whomsoever it comes.

His task is no light one. Friends and foes may have been unanimous in praising Bismarck's foreign policy, but only his blind admirers could hold with his fiscal views. Caprivi found the nation demanding a reduction of taxation, and a repeal of the corn laws, demands he is unable to meet at once, for which he lacks the force, the means that were

to hand for Sir Robert Peel. He is tiding over the difficulty by making commercial treaties with the neighbor lands, which he trusts will facilitate commerce and gradually float the country into sounder commercial waters.

Not the least of Caprivi's merits is that he has limited the power and extent of the official press, Bismarck's favorite weapon, though he never failed to vilipend both journals and journalists. Instead of paper warfares, Caprivi contents himself with a brief emphatic denial of false statements in the *Reichsanzeiger*.

In yet another respect he differs from Bismarck; the latter was always surrounded, wherever he lived, with a specially told off detachment of police; one of Caprivi's first acts was to decline the services of these agents, saying: "As an old soldier I do not need police protection. I can take care of myself." Nor is it difficult to obtain audience with him. The intending visitor, moreover, is not obliged to be mustered from head to heel by one of these officers of the head of the police, whose headquarters were Bismarck's ante-chambers. In all respects the new chancellor is simpler, less pretentious. Less great a man no doubt, but no less a patriot, and, perhaps, thanks to his gentler qualities, better suited to guide a nation that has need now more of gentle suasion and wise guidance than of blood and iron.

The touchstone as to whether he have the courage and grip needful to fill his post will shortly be seen. As in England half a century ago, so now in Germany, the corn laws are felt to be an oppression that can no longer be borne. Will Caprivi prove himself a second Sir Robert Peel, or will he withdraw from the struggle of trying to persuade a ruler reared in antiquated ideas that free trade is the truest economic policy?

New blood has also been introduced into the ministry of finance. For this post Johannes Miquel has been chosen by the emperor, a choice that would have been impossible under the Bismarck régime, as Miquel has a marked

character and views too pronounced to work in harness with an autocrat like the late chancellor. For many decades Miquel was considered as one of the most influential men in modern Germany. In whatever post he was placed he rendered himself remarkable by the eminently practical and efficient character of his services, and his nomination to his present high post was certainly a political event of first-class importance. Not untruly is he regarded by the nation as the emperor's chosen right hand, as well as the soul of the present ministry. Indeed, scarcely had William II. ascended the throne than Miquel was pointed out as the coming man, and rumor has it that the emperor said to him shortly before his nomination to his post of minister of finance, "You are my man," and the name of "the Emperor's Man" has stuck to him. Together with Benningsen, one of the leaders of the National Liberal party, he veered with his party towards supporting the protectionist fiscal policy of Bismarck. If, notwithstanding all this, his nomination as minister was hailed with satisfaction even by the Liberals, it proves how heavy was the pressure that had been hitherto exercised on the land in all economic questions. Men said and felt that though Miquel might perchance not fully express their views, his aims at least were more enlightened and progressive, and that in any case a certain measure of free discussion and ventilation of fiscal problems would be allowed under his *régime*.

This was proved, when he introduced, ere he was imperial minister, the new progressive income tax into Prussia, which, though it by no means gives universal satisfaction — what tax ever did? — is yet regarded in its fundamental principles and methods of assessment as a great improvement on that hitherto in vogue. When he assumed his new post he openly stated that it would be his endeavor to aim at a more just distribution of imposts; but fears are beginning to be felt that this more equable distribution may result in rendering yet more heavy the burdens of the already heavily weighted

German tax-payer, who, thanks to direct and indirect imposts, pays more than ten per cent. of his income into the coffers of the State. On the other hand, a very ugly innovation has crept in with the advent of Doctor Miquel — namely, the institution of a class of men designated in popular parlance as "tax smellers," men whose business it is to spy on the actions of private citizens, and to report to the authorities at what rate they spend, so as thus to deduce some estimate as to their probable resources, an estimate it is not held they themselves will truthfully report. Such methods of government, to say the least of it, are too paternal, and certainly to English ideas far too prying, a most impertinent interference with the liberty of the subject. For instance, such entries have been found placed against the names of persons liable to income taxes: "He drinks two glasses of wine every evening at the Hôtel Golden Lion. He rides a horse; he often drives in cabs. He dresses very well," and so forth and so forth. Indeed, a petty spirit of espionage pervades the whole system of German taxation, and that the Germans submit to it is but another proof of their innately servile and timid spirit. Instances like the following are by no means uncommon. A doctor beginning life, and with as yet a small practice, faithfully returned his income to the tax commissioners. Five years later his tax was doubled. He remonstrated, saying his income had not doubled. "If it has not done so, it ought to have done so," was all the reply and all the redress he was able to obtain.

One of the gravest faults of Doctor Miquel, a fault, however, which he shares with a large number of his countrymen, is an inclination to be too doctrinaire. Thus he is trying to introduce a law against drunkenness, which is all very well theoretically, but practically impossible of execution, since it would place a dangerous power in the hands of tavern-keepers.

Social problems are Doctor Miquel's hobbyhorse, but he is by no means infallible either in their inception or

execution. That the career reserved to his talents, which are eminent, notwithstanding that they have also their shady side, has not yet reached its apogee, about this all seem agreed. At one time it was whispered that Caprivi would retire in his favor. This is not likely; but what is probable and possible is that the project often talked about, of giving the chancellor of the empire an assistant in the shape of a vice-chancellor, may be realized in his person. As things stand in Germany and have stood for the past thirty years and more, it is not possible that the ship of the State should be conducted by men quite free from reactionary prejudices, but Doctor Miquel is certainly a more liberal-minded man than has for many years held a portfolio in the land. But as Wilhelm von Humboldt acutely remarked: "A Liberal may be a minister, but on that account he is not necessarily a Liberal minister."

The party of whom people outside Germany hear most, and will no doubt hear even more, are the Social Democrats. On the day, January 25, 1890, when the exceptional legislation against this party was repealed—measures that had been unwise and purely aggressive, strengthening rather than weakening the party which they desired to annihilate, a fact Bismarck would not or could not apprehend, but which the fresher intelligence of the young emperor apprehended instantly on his accession to the throne—an unprecedented event occurred in the German Reichstag. A deputy not only of the Conservative party, but an hereditary member of the Upper House, spoke not only in favor of the repeal of those exceptional laws in a perfectly liberal spirit, but actually went so far as to point out that amid the ranks of the Social Democrats was to be found a large portion of idealism; idealism, it is true, that had gone astray and mistaken its aims, but none the less a high and noble quality of which nowadays the world boasts too little, and he ended his impassioned speech with the words, "Let us restore to the people their idealism."

This speech on the part of Prince Carolath-Schönaich aroused admiration or consternation according to the views of his listeners, and made so marked an impression outside as well as inside of Parliamentary circles that it actually was taken as the basis of a novel by a member of the Conservative party, O. Elster, under the title of "A Reichstag Speech." The protagonist is obviously the prince, though his traits of character are idealized and surrounded by poetic glamour. Perchance the reason why this speech excited such a sensation, apart from the fact that it was spoken from the Conservative benches, may be sought in the circumstance that it gave expression to what every fair-minded and humane person in Germany had long felt. It is this ideal striving in the aims of Social Democrats which renders the personality of its chiefs more interesting from a purely human point of view than is usually the case with men of leading in politics. It is difficult to suppose that it is merely the promises of golden gains they hold out to the people which account for the really devoted enthusiasm displayed by their followers. It is rather because they uphold the banner of freedom, a goal they believe can best be attained by pursuing their own special methods. In the masses, of which this large and ever-increasing party is chiefly composed, there also resides, however, a considerable portion of what may be defined as the exact opposite of idealism, much that offends the finer taste of the upper ten thousand as coarse and despicable.

So, for example, even Herr Liebknecht, one of the chief Social Democrat leaders, was recently made to feel the species of tyranny that would result if the views of the Social Democrats were to be carried out in all their rigor. It would seem that Herr Liebknecht is devoted to music, and, together with his family, frequented some instrumental concerts held in the fashionable Philharmonic Hall of Berlin, a hall that the Social Democratic party had declared to be under the ban of boycott because some meeting antagonistic to their fac-

tion had been held in its walls. The young Social Democrats passed a vote of censure on the music-lover, and the old Social Democrats defended him in vain.

This strange incident brings us by a natural sequence to speak of the split that has recently taken place in the ranks of the German Social Democrats, dividing them into Young and Old. That such a split should occur after the repeal of the Social Democratic laws had been foreseen by calm and cynical observers, for it is a melancholy fact that parties hold together well so long as they are persecuted, but quarrel among themselves as soon as liberty to act is accorded to them by the authorities. That the leaders of the party did not expect this split is proved by a speech made a few weeks before by Liebknecht, who, alluding to these anticipations formed by their enemies, added that such falling off from the compact ranks could not occur, that their foes knew them badly, that what held them together was not the iron bondage of the exceptional laws, but their programme and their common enemy, whose face was unchanged. His language, full of poetry, of deep feeling, of persuasive earnestness, was one of that nature which gives even to error a sympathetic character, even if we cannot follow its revolutionary ideas, which are based on a misconception of man's psychology, which requires that he should have an incentive to work, and demands the attrition of competitive labor. The programme of the German Social Democrats, if logically carried into effect, would, it is urged, result in the extinction of all personal freedom. This view was set forth in an amusing story written by Eugen Richter, called "After the Social Democratic Victory," of which no fewer than seventy thousand copies were sold in Germany in less than a fortnight. The divergence of opinion between the Young and the Old Social Democrats consists chiefly in the fact that the younger party are far more revolutionary in their aims, while the older desire to improve on things as they stand. The Young wish first of all to

subvert all existing conditions, and then build up a new heaven and a new earth on the ruins. Not only the more philosophical and logical Herr von Vollmar, but even the famous agitator Liebknecht, have repeatedly of late warned their followers that such radical aspirations are the more to be condemned as at the present moment the young emperor's friendly attitude towards all questions concerning the working classes makes him a valuable ally to their party, and one from whose endeavors they can at least hope for some alleviation of their grievances. But is it to be expected that that great body of persons who behold in the working man's agitations a means towards a total and sudden revolution in their social and material existence, will comprehend and obey the tactics of these more experienced elders? The judicious have certainly all cause to be grateful for the better social laws that have already been attained, thanks to their leader's energy and to the emperor's sympathy; but the mass demand so much, their expectations have been strained so high, that palliatives and progressive measures will not content them. In any case, it is impossible, whether we be sympathetic or antipathetic, to deny the enormous influence that the Social Democratic ideas exert upon the life of the modern State, and their leaders, Bebel, Liebknecht, Vollmar, and Singer, must be defined as statesmen in the sense that their influence upon legislation is an undeniable fact.

Let us now examine more in detail the men who still take the foremost place in the ranks of the party, notwithstanding the schism. First of all must be named the two always together, namely Bebel and Liebknecht.

August Bebel, born in 1840 at Cologne, was a humble turner, who as apprentice travelled through the greater part of Austria and south Germany, thus enlarging his mental horizon. Curiously enough, he was until 1866 an active opponent of Social Democratic ideas, which he propagated just as actively after his conversion, so that in

1869 he was condemned to prison for divulging opinions judged dangerous to the weal of the State. In 1872 he was again committed to prison, this time on the charge of high treason, a terrible sounding charge, but which in Germany may mean nothing more, as indeed in the case of Bebel it meant no more, than that he had used frank expressions with regard to royalty such as would pass unobserved in England any day. But in Germany, to speak even slightly of the reigning sovereign, or, until a short time ago, of Bismarck, was to draw down on the speaker severe punishment quite disproportionate to the offence. On his release he was elected to the Reichstag with an overwhelming majority, and has sat there ever since. He is known even outside of Germany by his writings, most of which have been translated into English. "Our Aims," "Christianity and Socialism," and "Women in the Past, Present, and Future," are the most important.

His colleague and brother in the faith, Wilhelm Liebknecht, was born at Giesen in 1826, and is by profession a journalist. Involved in the revolutionary uprisings of 1848, and condemned to death, he fled to Switzerland and England, in which countries he lived a long time, learning in them true constitutional methods of government, and a wider conception of the word liberty, than his country could or can afford. Returning to Germany without permission, he was duly imprisoned. When finally released, a seat was at once found for him in the Reichstag by his admirers. In company with Bebel he was in 1872 condemned to a seclusion of two years in the fortress of Hubertsburg. As editor, pamphleteer, and author, as well as lecturer and stump orator, he works incessantly for the cause he has at heart. The origin and mental development of these two men, the Dioscuri of the Social Democratic party, has been curiously diverse; the one has sprung entirely from the people, the other from the middle classes; the one never enjoyed an education but that he pro-

cured for himself, the other passed through the prescribed university curriculum. Both possess the faculty of appealing to the masses and the lower middle class, from which the Social Democrats are chiefly recruited, and this because they combine in a curious way a certain burgher practical good sense united to an ideal internationalism that greatly attracts the people, giving a species of poetic flavor and high aspirations to their aims. Both are excellent men of business, careful to preserve their gains, and impressed with the truth of the proverb that "Every mickle makes a muckle." It is an amusing and characteristic trait that the discontented faction of the Social Democratic party reproach the two leaders among other things with living in houses at a rental of five to six hundred thalers, while others again reproach the former turner that he is now comparatively well off, thanks to his savings and extended means of earning. When they were both in prison Liebknecht stood to Bebel in the position of a friendly mentor. It was he who incited Bebel to study, giving him the benefit of his own academical learning and linguistic facility, so that not only Liebknecht, but Bebel the turner can address the delegates from France, England, and America in their own tongues.

From Belgravia.

IN WALES.

ONE almost fancies the old coaching days revived! We have rattled noisily over stony ways, crawled lazily up the steep mountain road and lingered by wayside inns without thought of speed or hurry, till nineteenth-century civilization looks like a dream. And how refreshing is the absence of the sound and bustle it brings, how musical in contrast the note of the guard's bugle, the crack of the long whip, and the ringing hoofs of our gallant four-horse team!

We are enjoying one of those delightful holidays which are within the reach of the British citizen whose tastes, or

means, do not suggest a trip to the well-trodden tourist-paths of the Continent ; and we are fain to vaunt the wisdom of our "choice" (as our insular pride prefers in all cases to designate it), for our lines have fallen this year in beautiful Wales — in very pleasant places indeed — and with such a holiday resort at hand what need, we exclaim, to seek the wider horizons abroad, with the attendant discomfort of foreign travel ? There may be just a touch of the fox and the grapes there, to be sure ! Still, the fact is beyond dispute that this island of ours is very beautiful, nor are its limits so narrow, for if we can compare inland Wales to any other spot we have visited, it is not from abroad we fetch the companion picture, but from the Scottish Highlands, of which we are constantly reminded in the principality.

We spoke of the revival of the merry coaching-days. We can thoroughly enjoy that in Wales, where even to-day, in spite of the advancement of railway enterprise, many lovely spots are accessible only by the more old-fashioned means of locomotion. We have left the train at Bettws-y-Coed, about fifteen miles inland from Llandudno Junction, and finding coaches at the station ready to start westward, over tracks where no rail is, for Llanberis, the terminus of the line from Carnarvon in the west, we decide to make the tour, which will carry us through the famous Pass of Llanberis. Seats are speedily secured on the top of the cumbrous vehicle, there is a mustering of wraps and lunch-baskets, field-glasses and guide-books — blessed boon to the tourist everywhere, and trademark of the fraternity — the inevitable bustle attendant on a start ; driver and guard have swung themselves into position aloft, a cheerful crack of the whip, and we are off ! We draw up immediately, however, before the Royal Oak for final orders, and we are glad of the short delay here, for from our point of vantage we can take in Bettws-y-Coed at a glance, and we have heard much of its loveliness, and are glad to carry away just such a picture of the spot. "At Bettws we are enjoying the foretaste of

everything that is lovely in nature," says the guide-book. Guide-books have a wonderful knack of romancing and idealizing — they can even overstep the limits of veracity with a wonderful facility and *sang-froid* — but in this case we are fain to endorse the statement, for finer scenery of the gentle and romantic kind could not be found than at Bettws. The origin of the name, apparently unpronounceably Welsh, though easy to the initiated — "*Bettoos-uc-Koed*," — is disputed ; according to some it means "the house of prayer in the wood," according to others "the dale in the wood." Both classes of philologists, however, agree about the *wood*, and wood there is in rich luxuriance ; it forms indeed the chief beauty of the place, and makes it a sylvan Paradise.

Hills of picturesque outline guard the little spot on every side with the fond tenderness of age ; grey gabled cottages form the long village street, and nestle close to the hillside, peeping out at unexpected corners from a bower of green ; such a bridge as artists delight in crosses the river in the middle of the village, and it is no commonplace river either, but a brown, foaming mountain-torrent, dashing over huge rocks where tall fir-trees grow in mid-stream. Human life flows on more tranquilly here than in the garish outside world ; and the very hotels are picturesque, though ubiquitous !

We do not feel we have left Bettws finally till we have descended to visit the Swallow Waterfall, two and a quarter miles above the village, one of the finest falls in this land of foaming cataracts — in miniature, of course. Once seated again on our lofty perch, we are *en route* for Capel Curig, and free to enjoy a very lovely stretch of scenery.

We might be in the Perthshire Highlands here ! The road winds by hill and wood, by graceful birches and bracken and purple heather, with here and there a dash of brighter color from the early-ripening mountain-ash ; solemn mountain-peaks rise to view beyond, and all is soft and beautiful in the grey light of a sunless afternoon. Nor

is there wanting the poet's "beauty born of murmuring sound," which one does not care to miss, for on all sides are the bubble and trickle of spring and hillside stream, and below the noisier rush of the river. We could wish Capel Curig ten miles distant from Bettws, instead of five and a half, so exquisite is the scenery through which we reach it! It comes into view, however, in due time, and for the sake of the pause between two panoramic pictures of totally different character, we are glad of the halt and half-hour's rest at the picturesque hotel there. Remote and lonely though it is, Capel Curig is a favorite halting-place, and a line of vehicles of all descriptions at the hotel door bears witness to the presence of tourists, who are soon seen swarming at doors and windows, and in greater number in the dining-room.

From the garden is to be had one of the finest views of Snowdon, not far distant westward; alas! for us the view had to be imagined rather than enjoyed, for the greyiness of the summer afternoon had gathered to a slow, drizzling rain, clouds had descended upon us, and the monarch of Welsh mountains sulked in the mist for the remainder of the afternoon. We drove from Capel Curig to Pen-y-Gwryd through a blinding deluge of rain, a dreary, huddled mass of mackintoshes and umbrellas, too damped to respond by more than a watery, deprecating smile to the gibes and sarcasms of the eastward-bound passengers on the coaches we met. "Ah!" they would cry, with an encouraging nod and smile, "it's very bad farther up!" But their gloomy prognostications were not to be fulfilled, for the deluge had resolved itself into a drizzle by the time we reached Pen-y-Gwryd, and that gradually passed off, leaving heavy clouds only to accompany us through the Pass of Llanberis. Does it always rain at Pen-y-Gwryd?

Wild and lonely it is, almost bleak; and wild and lonely is the pass we are approaching as we drive away from the inn door, and climb slowly up the hill.

Clouds and mist seem the fitting ac-

companiment in that region; and they are all about us now. We are at the top of the hill, and the turn of the road; one glimpse to the left down the sweet Nant Gwynant, "Vale of Waters," where the road winds down to Bedd-Gelert, and we have turned our back for a time on sweet and tame loveliness, and green fields and streams; we have reached Pen-y-Pass, the highest point of our drive, and the famous Pass of Llanberis stretches before us down to the valley. It is all we had been led to expect — wild, and grand, and sombre; huge boulders, rolled, it would seem, in the giant ages from the rugged mountain-side to the verge of the road, hang poised above us, ready to topple over and crush us; there is little or no vegetation, and the mountain walls are high on right and left, though not very close. Far below us glints of sunshine begin to fall on Llanberis, and it is like passing into another world to descend from the sombre grandeur of the pass to the more familiar loveliness of Llanberis — Old Llanberis, that is, for the Llanberis of the tourist, with hotels, and lodging-houses, and railway station, lies a mile or two beyond. A lovely and tempting spot it is, and we leave it with regret, wishing we could enjoy the pleasant rambles it suggests, with perhaps an ascent of Snowdon on a day of sunshine and calm.

But at Llanberis the hideous screech and roar of the noisy London and N. W. Railway — indispensable, it must be confessed, in spite of its hideousness! — reminds us of the flight of time, and of other spots of historic and romantic interest to be glanced at ere we leave the kindly little principality. Carnarvon Castle is not far off — grim and hoary sentinel by the sea, with its legend of the Prince of Wales of long ago — Conway Castle — picturesque Bangor, with its famous bridge hung high in air. The fame of these places has been sung often enough, and by those on whose judgment holiday makers may safely rely, and to whose persuasions they need not fear to yield, in the choice of a summer resort.

M. F.

